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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Events of the Week.

THE full effects of the Russian victories along the Vistula and before Warsaw are now apparent. The Austro-German armies have completely evacuated Poland, nowhere making in their retreat any stand which could be described as more than a rearguard action. The effects of this withdrawal from Poland have been felt at once in Galicia, where the Austrians formed a sort of detached right wing to the immense advance, which at one moment flung its line from the shores of the Baltic, through the outskirts of Warsaw, to the Carpathians. The whole of the Austrian forces in Galicia are now in retreat on Cracow, and part of them has been forced down through the Dukla pass of the Carpathian range into Hungary. The Russians have retaken Jaroslav, and renewed the investment of Przemyśl, while their cavalry is said to have reached a point twenty miles from Cracow. An official Russian estimate puts the Austro-German losses during the last fortnight alone at 100,000 killed and wounded, 21,000 prisoners, and 52 guns. The Germans made no stand on the lines of the river Warta, which were thought to be strong, apparently because

they were outflanked on their left wing. They have evacuated both Kalisch and Czeszochowa, and their main position now runs for some twenty miles just behind the latter town.

* * *

THE German plan is now apparently to make their determined stand on good entrenched positions along the frontier. Behind them is an elaborate system of strategical railways which will save them from the difficulties of transport, which were perhaps the chief cause of their failure in Poland. Behind the trenches and the wire-entanglements, there are the fortresses of Thorn, Posen, Glogau, and Cracow. It is said that the Austrian army deeply resents the use made of it by the German staff, which invariably set it the task of fighting the costly rear-guard actions, and this quarrel between the Allies has gone so far that General Dankl is said to be acting now independently of General von Hindenburg. The most interesting theatre of action in the immediate future may soon be East Prussia once more. It is now, on the German left, what Galicia was on the right, a detached wing, subject to attacks which might readily isolate the armies defending its eastern extremity. The Russians are on German soil not only at Lyck, in the region of the Masurian lakes, but much further west at Soldau. The civil population is again taking to flight, and a successful invasion here would again, for political reasons, concentrate German attention on this area, and so relieve the pressure in the west.

* * *

THE battle in Flanders has continued this week with the utmost obstinacy, and there is no sign as yet that the Germans are relaxing their efforts in this field, or withdrawing men to meet the Russian menace. It is true that they are sending battalions of very young men into the advanced fighting line, but these youths, especially a body of volunteers from Berlin, have attacked with great dash and spirit, and have borne losses that might have shaken the best of seasoned troops. The fighting has been murderous, and several of the published letters from the men of the London Scottish state that no quarter was given on the ground that the German troops killed our wounded. Lombartzyde, two miles north of Nieuport, has been taken by the Germans, but retaken by the Belgians. The main event has been the capture of Dixmude, which was held by French marines. It was taken not long ago from the Germans, and they have now recovered little more than a heap of ruins. Unless they can debouch from it, which they have not yet done, it is of little value to its captors. The line of the Yser and its tributary canal remains, save for a few yards, in the possession of the Allies from Nieuport to Ypres.

* * *

THE town of Ypres, which is held by the British, is seriously and constantly threatened, and the German official news claims successes at several points round it which will make it less easy to hold. This line is constantly shifting, and places taken by day are often retaken by night. On the whole, the tendency of events seems to be slightly favorable to the Germans, who now appear to command the main road from Ypres to Armen-

tières. But the contest in Flanders is for a mile of ground at a time, often even for a few hundred yards, and there is no evidence that the Germans have, or are likely to develop, the power to make any advance that would be perceptible on any but a large-scale map. The advantage in a day or a week may swing again to our side, but large reinforcements will be required before any decided success can be expected.

* * *

AFTER exploits which recall the less veracious adventures of the privateer *Trelawny* in the same Eastern waters, the "*Emden*" has been hunted down and destroyed. Her last attempt was to destroy the wireless station on Keeling (Cocos) Island. Here she was overtaken by the more powerful Australian cruiser "*Sydney*," driven ashore after a sharp fight, and burned. She must have resisted to the last extremity, for she had two hundred killed among her crew. It is good news that her brilliant career is over, and the news is all the better because her chivalrous commander, Captain von Müller, is safe, and has been allowed to retain his sword. The same telegram which reported the "*Emden*'s" fate brought the news of the tracking down of her less enterprising sister, the "*Königsberg*." She was forced to seek shelter in the shallow waters of a river in German East Africa. The "*Chatham*" has effectively blocked its channel, and she is now imprisoned.

* * *

THE fortress which was the monument to the policy of the "mailed fist" in China fell on Saturday. Tsingtau has stood a ten weeks' siege by a Japanese force and a small British contingent. The attack was not hastened, for relief was impossible, and the German resistance to the final bayonet assault on the forts and their connecting entanglements was evidently half-hearted. Some 2,300 prisoners were taken. So ends the beginning of German colonization in China, for there can be little doubt that Kiao-Chau was intended to be the nucleus of larger acquisitions. The Japanese Government has announced that it will hold the place till the end of the war, and then "open negotiations with China." The phrase suggests that the promise of restoration is subject to conditions, and Chinese opinion is somewhat nervous.

* * *

PARLIAMENT met on Wednesday, opened by the King in person. The features of the Speech were a strong reference to Turkey's entry into the war, the declaration that "bad counsels and alien influences" had driven her on to "wanton and defiant aggression," and the statement that there was a "fixed determination" in the Empire to secure triumph "at whatever sacrifice." The key of the debates in Lords and Commons was unity between the two parties on the essentials of the war, and a measure of fair criticism by the Opposition of its incidents. The chief points of this criticism were (1) the inadequacy of the Government's plan of pensions and allowances for soldiers and their dependents, and the slackness of its administration; (2) the discouragement of recruiting by bad or inconsiderate management of the camps; (3) official reticence, the concealment or minimizing of reverses, and the cloud of obscurity which hung over the soldiers' heroism; (4) the conduct of naval or semi-naval operations, and Mr. Churchill's share in them, as illustrated by the defeat in the Pacific and the failure of the attempt to relieve Antwerp; (5) the Government's over-sensitiveness to the looser kind of press agitation, as shown in the rounding-up policy pur-

sued towards the aliens and the retirement of Prince Louis of Battenberg.

* * *

As to the criticisms of the conduct of the war, the Government, through the Prime Minister, Lord Crewe, and Lord Haldane, answered generally that the Antwerp Expedition was concerted between Lord Kitchener and Mr. Churchill, that it was a Government matter, that the intervention was "useful," and that it was impossible to know beforehand of the German concentration in the Pacific (the mystery of the "*Canopus*" was not cleared up). On the question of the treatment of the soldiers' dependents, the Government's reply was less conclusive. Mr. Bonar Law made an excellent suggestion that the subject should be threshed out by a small Committee, representing all parties in the House, and this was accepted. But the Prime Minister went on to defend the indefensible minimum grant of 7s. 6d. to a childless widow on the ground that a larger grant might depress the wages for women's labor. We should have said the exact opposite. Women's wages are depressed by doles-in-aid, not by grants which keep their recipients out of the labor market altogether. The total cost of the Government's scheme would be about ten to fifteen millions a year for ten years after the war. As to the rounding-up of aliens, Mr. Asquith hinted that this was preliminary to a later "winnowing" process, but that the national safety must be the first consideration. Mr. McKenna suggested that the policy was initiated not by the Home Office but by the War Office, which was forced to stop it as soon as its impracticability was disclosed.

* * *

THE Prime Minister did not go far to meet the Opposition's suggestion that the censorship should be relaxed and the nation taken more into the Government's confidence. The nation must exercise "patriotic self-restraint," and submit to silence when it temporarily hid facts whose disclosure would give the enemy an advantage. Further, we must remember that we were a ting jointly with the French command. The Prime Minister spoke confidently of the progress and issue of the war. The Allies had "absolutely defeated" the first designs of the German invader, and he doubted whether the war would last as long as many people originally predicted. Mr. Asquith mentioned that 1,186,000 regular soldiers had already been raised for service.

* * *

ON Thursday a resolute and on the whole beneficent spirit of criticism ran through the whole House, with a suggestion of party feeling. Thus the Opposition tended to thrust the blame for the Government's policy on aliens on to Mr. McKenna, the civil Liberal Minister, and the Liberals on to Lord Kitchener, the neutral War Minister, who, of course, initiated it. But, on the whole, the debates were helpful, and gave a measure of the extreme value of Parliamentary pressure on an Executive put temporarily in absolute power, and using martial law to enforce it. The results already achieved are important, for not only is the police circular on soldiers' wives to be modified, but the administration of the allowances (powerfully examined by Mr. Long and Mr. Henderson) is to be taken out of the hands of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association. An important change in the method of recruiting is also to be adopted, whereby recruits are asked to register themselves and to go on with their work until accommodation has been prepared for them. Why was not this sensible plan adopted from the beginning?

* * *

THE debate had one very disquieting feature—the

speech of the Solicitor-General on the censorship, whose extreme rigor was attacked by two Tory members. We should not have expected to hear such doctrine laid down by a Liberal lawyer. Sir Stanley Buckmaster insisted that his Bureau would not stop criticism of the Government unless it was of such a character as to "destroy public confidence" in the Administration. But supposing, for the sake of argument, this or any succeeding Government conducted the war in such a fashion as Lord Aberdeen's Government conducted the campaign in the Crimea. Would it not be necessary to the safety of the nation to "destroy" its confidence in such masters? And would not Sir Stanley Buckmaster's canon of censorship effectually veto the rendering of that supreme national service? This is slippery talk. Nor do we like the tone of a speech which, in view of the extreme and punctilious deference of British journalists to the needs of the State, hints at the censor's power to imprison them (under court-martial) for life. This is not the way to address the only organ of opinion the nation has possessed during the greater part of the war. In our view, a much sharper line should have been drawn between the right to suppress false or sensational or obviously untimely news, and to tamper with the expression of *views*, which is the life of a free State.

THE Lord Mayor's procession on Monday was, in the main, a sober, khaki-clad march instead of a gilt and gingerbread one. The Guildhall speeches, delivered by Mr. Balfour, M. Cambon, Lord Kitchener, Mr. Churchill, and Mr. Asquith, were restrained and dignified. M. Cambon's was a jewel; it should be read, not quoted. Lord Kitchener said that he had a million and a-quarter of men under training, "eagerly waiting" to take their turn at the front; Mr. Churchill quoted Admiral Jellicoe's plea for patience with the Navy's task, and his reminder that Cornwallis was nearly three years off Brest, and Nelson more than two off Toulon; and Mr. Asquith, declaring that our central gold reserve had risen to eighty millions, and that our bank rate had fallen from ten to five per cent., insisted that Germany had been balked of all her main objectives—Paris, Warsaw, Calais. He added the rather strong statement that the Turkish Empire had "committed suicide." Our own objective he defined in the following fine phrases, in which, we think, he embodies the mind of the nation:—

"We shall never sheathe the sword which we have not lightly drawn until Belgium recovers in full measure all—and more than all—that she has sacrificed, until France is adequately secured against the menace of aggression, until the rights of the smaller nationalities of Europe are placed upon an unassailable foundation, and until the military domination of Prussia is wholly and finally destroyed. That is a great task, worthy of a great nation. It needs for its accomplishment that every man among us, old or young, rich or poor, busy or leisurely, learned or simple, should give what he has and do what he can."

A WHITE PAPER was issued on Tuesday, giving the particulars of the Government scheme for pensions for soldiers and sailors and their dependents. The new scheme is an improvement on the old, in that it raises the pensions in each class. A widow with four children will receive 20s., with three 17s. 6d., with two 15s., with one 12s. 6d., a widow without children 7s. 6d. These pensions may be increased on the recommendation of the Old Age Pensions Committee in special cases. The separation allowance is to be continued for six months after the death of the husband. The disablement allowances are increased; the minimum is to be 14s. for unmarried men, 16s. 6d. for the married and childless

man, and the maximum 23s. The Chief Actuary to the National Health Insurance Commission estimates that, if the war lasts one year and 2,000,000 men are engaged, of whom 5 per cent. are killed and 6 per cent. are disabled, the total cost of pensions and separation allowances will be ninety-nine millions; if the war lasts two years and the percentage is the same, the cost will be 123 millions. If the percentages of deaths and disablements are doubled, the corresponding figures will be 178 and 202 millions.

To the several ineptitudes that have brought discomfort and hardship to the soldier's wife, a new and extraordinary outrage has been added in the course of the last few days. The Home Office and the War Office have combined to set up a system of police surveillance over all women whose husbands enlist. These unhappy people are to be shadowed, the police are to keep a strict watch over their morals and conduct, and the War Office arrogates to itself the right to withdraw separation allowances when it judges a woman "unworthy" to receive them. These allowances are spoken of as "relief." This system of inquisition is to be worked through the War Office, the local branches of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Association, the local Relief Committees, and the police. Whether a Department can by one stroke abolish the rights of these women seems to us very doubtful in law. The view that will be taken by the ordinary man of this insult to working women, this cruel injustice to our recruits, and this invasion of our elementary liberties cannot be in doubt for one moment.

THE White Paper which reports the negotiations that led up to the declaration of war on Turkey is a record of monumental patience. Our Embassy was never in doubt as to the aims of Enver Pasha and the war party, but it had faith up to the last moment in the good intentions of the Grand Vizier, in spite of the steady arrival of German sailors, gold, munitions, guns, and even of a submarine in section. All the while preparations were going on for an attack on Egypt, and for some covert attempt to blow up the canal. The Foreign Office was, wisely we think, disposed to make terms over the abolition of the capitulations, but this complacency was rewarded by an impertinent demand for the immediate return of the commandeered Turkish ships, the surrender of the Greek Islands, and even in certain circumstances, of Bulgarian Thrace. A touch of humor is supplied by the news that statements were circulated among the Turkish peasantry that the Kaiser had, like Napoleon, become a Mohammedan, and was conducting a Holy War against Russia.

THE war has brought to England an inestimable gift, which is the more welcome because of the sense of comradeship which inspires it. M. Rodin, as an expression of an artist's gratitude for the help rendered to France in her peril, has presented a collection of his works to South Kensington Museum. They had come to London for exhibition before war broke out, and could not be removed while it lasted. That chance suggested to M. Rodin the graceful thought of making London their permanent home. The collection, which is probably the finest in public ownership, includes "The Age of Bronze," a delicate little marble "Cupid and Psyche," a strangely suggestive "Prodigal Son," and several fine portrait busts. The Museum already contained his "John the Baptist," while "The Burghers of Calais" stand by the Thames, a strangely apposite reminder of the change in the object of our expeditions to France. No nation is likely to win a prouder trophy in this war than this gift from the greatest creative mind of France.

Politics and Affairs.

THE INSULT OF CONSCRIPTION.

It is clear that if there be advocates of conscription in this country, Lord Kitchener is not one of them. A War Minister who declares that he has "no complaint whatever" concerning the response to his appeals for recruits, and that, in fact, "there are training in this country over a million and a quarter of men eagerly waiting for the call to take part in the great struggle," correctly appraises at once the genius of the voluntary system and its material results. We had a right to expect this attitude from Lord Kitchener. He has, and can have, no ground of quarrel or reproach with the military spirit of the nation, for it has risen beyond the wildest dreams of its zeal and capacity. Within three months, an island and a commercial Power whose first arm is its fleet, a Power that, for sixty years, has never landed a soldier on European soil, has sent some 300,000 men across the narrow seas. In a few months more it will have made a total contribution of a million and a-half men of fine physical quality to the allied hosts. The fighters whom it has dispatched represent, by universal consent, the most highly-trained soldiery in the war. They have discipline, an indispensable quality in soldiers called on to sustain the nerve-destroying ordeal of heavy artillery fire. They have conducted two operations—the retreat from Mons in face of overwhelming forces, and the holding of Ypres—of the first military importance and of resounding moral effect. As a side-show of this tremendous spectacle, the volunteer British Navy has maintained our maritime trade in the home channels, in three oceans, and in many inland seas, has escorted our soldiery over thousands of miles of water, and has neutralized the striking force of a fleet second only in strength to our own.

Let it not, however, be said by the War Office or anybody else, that these tasks have been discharged without discouragement. The rally of volunteers to the army colors has been for the most part an undaunted struggle against the obstacles set up by those who summoned them. There are four things that the War Office might have done to ensure the success which the voluntary system has reaped in spite of it. It might have asked for just as many men (and no more) as it could clothe, train, and accommodate. It might have paid them what it and the Government promised. It might have set their minds at rest about their wives and children. It might even have told them the kind of men it needed. But though each of these special types of average human forethought that we have enumerated was wanting, the volunteers lined up. They poured into some camps that were not half-ready for them, and into others that never ought to have been made into habitations of men. They slept on the grass through the autumn dews and rains. The War Office asked for men of a moderate height. They came in scores of thousands. The same power then intimated that it only wanted taller men. The stream was slightly but not gravely diminished. The officers first explained to the soldiers that they would get

the pay that the Government had promised them for keeping the household flame alight, and then qualified their explanations. The Volunteers accepted both the explanations and the qualifications. They waited for weeks for the allowances to wife and child. Many of them are waiting still. I do not say that this treatment has not stayed the tide of recruiting. It has. In a small mid-land village-town, about 300 men joined a detachment of one of the Kitchener armies. They were allowed to pay a week-end visit to their homes. They told the tale of their expectations and their disappointments, and recruiting from that centre stopped dead. Some soldiers, again, brought together by the moving association of race, asked for colors as symbols of their peculiar passion for their native land. They were refused. All wanted arms to fit themselves for the conflict, and clothes suited to the rigors of a winter campaign. Neither could be supplied. Entire battalions were almost without khaki. Many of these defects were unavoidable, and have been remedied with fair rapidity. But the truth is that the country for weeks possessed crowds of men in camp more than it could at once equip and fully train for active service.

One would have thought that under a misfit of this character, the attitude of our military organizers and of our guides in military opinion would have been to utter an abashed apology to the nation, and to thank it for the spirit which had made nought or little of their own deficiencies. What is the present military strength, in being or in immediate preparation—the full reserves are still to come—which the voluntary system offers to the Empire? It stands somewhat as follows:—

Old Army and New Army [all raised]	1,200,000
Territorials (about)	550,000
White Army in India	70,000
Navy	200,000
Total				2,020,000

This is a selected force, representing nearly everything that is most willing, most spirited, most physically capable, in the civil population. It does not include the Canadian and Australian contingents, who furnish a classical example of the power of the voluntary levy. Does anyone pretend that an equally valuable body of men could have been obtained by conscription? A people is not a mechanical structure; it is a living thing, made up of habits, thoughts, ties, affections. The method of force would have broken up its moral and political unity. It could not have worked without injury to the convictions of three out of the four British and Irish parties. Nor could it have been evolved by a mere military edict. The interests and organizations of the civil authorities must have been appealed to, and these could not have been obtained without destroying the peculiar influence which the nation now wields in Europe and the neutral world. Having robbed our own people of liberty, could we ask them to defend it in France and Belgium? And how could we call on islanders who live by trade, not by war, for a compulsory over-seas service? We should have given up our case against Prussian militarism,

resting as it does on the belief that the free State can exist and flourish, and yet, in its time of need, exercise an irresistible moral compulsion on its citizens. We should have set an invidious bar on every conscript soldier, as compared with the unconstrained enlistments. It is not necessary to put the case for voluntarism too high. In normal times, many men enlist because of falling wages or bad trade, or from love of adventure. But there is no mistaking the spirit of a gigantic levy, in which clerks and high-wage miners—of whom, one understands, 100,000 have joined—take their place by the side of unskilled laborers. The armies that are being made ready for service in France or Flanders or Germany represent nearly every grade of manual occupation in the country, as well as a large percentage of brain workers. That is a rich offering. What statesman in his senses, controlling such a treasure of passion, sympathy, willingness, physical bravery, moral indifference to death and material loss, would be such a wanton as to dissipate it? To-day he would not know what to put in his place. To-morrow, with the war at an end, and in the absence of urgent and overwhelming national danger, the nation would merely disdain the yoke of compulsion, or be roused under it to the mood of anarchic hatred of wars and governments into which Swift lashes the readers of "Gulliver's Travels." However unimaginative our special type of governing man may be, he does not discard an instrument at the moment when it yields him the full result he asks for, and much more than the result he expected. Put us in the line of conscript nations, and our distinction, the peculiar value of our intervention in the war, disappears. Keep us to our true vogue of a great community of traders and seafarers rising *en masse* to keep Western Europe free, and we justify all that can be justified of the horror and moral enslavement of war.

H. W. M.

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

It was a common form of punishment a hundred years ago to sentence a man convicted of some criminal offence to serve as a soldier. The corresponding punishment of our times would be a sentence to serve as a soldier's wife. There is nobody who has been in touch with recruiting and the circumstances of the soldiers' families who has not had experience of the privations suffered by the soldiers' dependents in consequence of the delays in the payment of their allowances. But in addition to this serious grievance, these women have been subjected to positive humiliations of the most cruel character. Six weeks ago the "Daily Chronicle" published a circular issued by the Local Government Board, announcing that these women were to receive their separation allowances through the local branches of charitable societies. Then followed the issue of a confused circular from the War Office, of which the effect was that those women who had been promised by the Prime Minister an increase of the wretched pittance they received, were, in a large number of cases, to go without it until they had proved to the satisfaction of that Department that they needed it.

This was bad enough. These two Departments

between them had contrived to withdraw from the soldiers' and sailors' wives rights which were as well founded as the right of the President of the Local Government Board or of the Secretary of State for War to receive his salary from the State, and to make the receipt of their allowances an occasion for discomfort and shame. One would have thought that this was enough for a democratic Government inspired by the most remarkable display of patriotism and self-devotion on the part of the men and women of the poorer classes that our history can show. Not at all. A new affront was now designed. The Home Office have issued a circular, partly reproduced in the "Daily News" last Saturday, calling upon the police to take their part in the general campaign against this dissolute and depraved set of people. Parliament has now secured a promise to change the wording of this document, for the effect of which we must "wait and see."

The arrangement is a simple one. The War Office is to withhold the separation allowance from women guilty of serious misconduct. The phrase in the Home Office circular is significant. It is explained that the police are to keep a list of the soldiers' wives who are receiving allowances, and the women on this list are to be under police surveillance. If they are guilty of misconduct the allowance is to cease. Here comes the significant expression, "though it is hoped that there will not be many cases in which extreme measures will be necessary, the Secretary of State is confident that local committees may rely upon your co-operation in their endeavor to ensure that relief shall not be continued to persons who have proved themselves unworthy to receive it." Relief! Then we do not *pay* our soldiers and sailors for fighting for us. We give them relief. And if the Local Relief Committee or the local branch of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Fund is satisfied that Policeman Smith, who has been shadowing Mrs. Jones, who is in the highly suspicious position of a soldier's wife, has caught her drinking, the War Office may and will stop the relief. It is a happy idea for other employers than the State. They should not talk of their wages bill; they should say that they spend so many hundreds of thousands of pounds in relief, and claim the right to stop the relief when their workmen prove unworthy. Meanwhile, the miner—perhaps a trade union leader, certainly a man able to protect his personal dignity—knows when he says good-bye to his wife that from that moment she becomes half a pauper, receiving "relief," and half a "rogue and vagabond," put specially under the care of the police. While this circular remains in force the man who enlists converts his wife into a criminal out on ticket-of-leave. What abuses may follow in practice, what a system of blackmail this invites, our readers can imagine for themselves. We are not surprised to know that in some parts of England many a man who enlists does not dare to tell his wife. Like Margaret's husband in "The Excursion," "He left me thus; he could not gather heart to take a farewell of me." But even Margaret was spared this final humiliation.

This treatment of the soldiers' wives is not a mere departmental eccentricity. It is a symptom of a state of mind. The eighteenth-century idea of the working

classes as people without rights, whose proper destiny it is to depend on charity and the discretion of their betters, is still vigorous and persistent in the governing world. It has recently been announced that Members of Parliament serving abroad are to receive their salaries as usual. It would startle the House of Commons to learn that the wives of these Members had been put on a list for the special attention of the police, because it was notorious that some of them had spent a great deal on bridge. Yet that would be the natural sequel of this circular if it were not that the poor are regarded as a serf class. It is illustrated again in the scheme of pensions. A widow without children is to receive 7s. 6d. a week, unless she can prove that she is unable to work. As Mr. Bonar Law showed in his speech in Wednesday's debate, this is just sixpence more than what, counting the 2s. grant from the Patriotic Fund, she may receive under the existing system. That is, a woman who was yesterday the wife of an artisan earning three pounds a week and living in independence, is to-day reduced to begging for help from the War Office for no other reason than that her husband was a patriot. Now how can this be defended? A woman whose husband dies in Flanders is in no better position than she was when he was alive, fighting, and therefore, if her circumstances alone are considered, there is no case for reducing her allowance. Is it that the State cannot afford to pay her after his death what it paid her in his lifetime? The supposition is absurd. When this White Paper was published, great play was made of the figure of ninety-nine millions. But a quarter of that sum has to be deducted, for it goes in separation allowances, which are wages. The nation will have to pay for pensions, on this estimate, if this war lasts a year, if 2,000,000 men are employed, if 5 per cent. die and 6 per cent. are disabled, about $4\frac{1}{2}$ millions a year. Of this sum, the amount to be paid to widows without children is less than a hundred thousand pounds. Why, we pay £260,000 a year in the salaries of Members of Parliament, and we might, therefore, treble the pensions of these widows for little more than a half of the cost of this charge. Was the cost of payment of Members treated as a serious obstacle by the present Government? And does anybody outside Parliament think it a more urgent charge than the satisfaction of the just claims of the widows and dependents?

No; the reason for this gross injustice is not economy. The nation would readily add another three millions to the scheme to make it a scheme of which Britons could be proud, and one that would be just to the victims of the war. As it is, the Government, which talks of putting down sweating and professes to regard low wages as a curse, is driving a large number of women into the labor market on conditions disastrous to the standard of women's wages. Everyone knows that one of the causes of low wages in women's industries is the competition of girls who are not self-supporting, and take a wage that is regarded as pocket money. Women who receive 7s. 6d. a week, or 12s. 6d. if they have a child, have to earn something. They will go into the labor market in many cases, and, not being obliged to earn their living, but only to supplement it, they will help to lower wages for women

in general. Mr. Asquith seems to have persuaded himself by some obscure process that if a woman has 7s. 6d. she will not lower wages, whereas if she has more she will. Surely that sum obliges her to earn something, whereas if she has enough to live on she will not necessarily go into the labor market at all. On no principle but one can the parsimony of the Government be defended. The only principle on which this part of the scheme can be defended is the principle that all working-class women should be reduced to the standard of life of the poorest, and that there is a positive benefit to the State in making as many people as possible dependent on charity. On this principle alone can we understand the Government's provision for widows, and their total neglect after twenty-six weeks of those who lose a son and are thereby deprived of their support.

The issue raised by the whole question of the treatment of the relations of soldiers and sailors is vital to democracy, and to the self-respect of the nation. Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George make eloquent speeches about the sacrifices this nation is making or about to make. If a working man has to expose his wife to the humiliations and dangers of police surveillance, if he has to expose her to the danger at his death of want and degradation, if he has to contribute to making his class into a serf class, the sacrifices he is making are not exaggerated in the most moving periods of the speeches at the Guildhall or at the City Temple. But what sacrifices, comparable in kind or in degree to these, are being made by other classes?

THOUGHTS ON RECRUITING.

THE speeches of the Prime Minister and other statesmen in the House of Commons on Wednesday clearly point to the need of increased efforts of recruiting. The draft of new troops which Germany is said to be preparing to put into the field obviously demands commensurate efforts on the part of the Allies, and we must be ready to contribute our full share. But this policy clearly demands more thought and discrimination than those who concentrate their whole mind upon the urgency of the immediate military problem are wont to apply. We are convinced that all the men that are required will be forthcoming provided that the Government and the organs of public opinion perform their respective duties. The first thing that is wanted from the Government is more information, and a clearer conception of what we may term the net economy of enlistment. It would, for instance, seem obviously unwise to endeavor to push the pace of recruiting beyond the capacity of training, arming, and otherwise equipping the recruits. Our industrial capacity in these respects is clearly limited, and some of it may evidently be required to assist the equipment of the already trained troops of our Allies. There is no gain in tempting men out of industry faster than we are in fact able to convert them effectively into soldiers.

Again, assuming that we possess, or expect shortly to possess, ample means of drilling, arming, and clothing as many men as we can get, there still remain two considerations to take into account. Statistics indicate that up to

the present the enlistment has been to a large extent furnished out of the unemployment in trades directly or indirectly injured by the war. It is entirely proper that able-bodied men in this situation should be drafted into the fighting ranks. Moreover, there are many trades which can, apart from such necessity, afford to submit to a considerable shrinkage in employees without any considerable loss as regards output of wealth. But there are certain fundamental industries which it would be unwise to deplete unduly of labor for any considerable length of time. For in a protracted war, such as this may be, the final factor determining success may be the total available economic resources of the nation. This question especially arises in considering the large recruitment of agricultural labor in the southern and south-western counties. Even this autumn there have been complaints of a shortage of such labor. During the slack winter period this may not matter, but next summer may witness a damaging state of agriculture if in these quarters enlistment is pursued with too much vigor. The same, of course, would apply to certain other staple industries, such as mining and the metal trades, though here there does not exist the great economic stimulus to recruiting offered by the relatively high provision for the dependents of recruits, which has swept many southern rural districts pretty clean of their young male labor. In other words, we ought not wholly to ignore certain economic risks arising from the influence of the flat rate of pay and provisions upon widely different strata of our working population. Public policy ought, as far as possible, to be brought into adjustment with personal motives to enlistment. Able-bodied men, for instance, ought, if possible, to be drawn more largely from our great distributive trades, and even from some branches of transport, than from our staple manufactures. In this regard it is very satisfactory to note how large a proportion to the total enlistment has been furnished by the metropolis, which is so largely devoted to occupations and recreations not vital to the maintenance of our national strength, and capable of great economies of labor. London enlistment, we understand, already considerably exceeds a hundred thousand, and the numbers increase daily. This is not the exact measure of a more patriotic or a more military sentiment in London than in other parts of the country. It is due rather to the larger disturbance of financial and commercial business.

Turning now to the more intricate psychology of motives, there are one or two considerations we should like to urge on those in authority. Some of these organs of the press which are most vociferous in demanding millions of recruits are themselves responsible for damping down the spirit of enlistment. Their placards, their headlines, and their general presentment of war news, with their insistent proclamation of brilliant British and Allied successes, marked by huge slaughters of the enemy and sensational defeats, must have persuaded thousands of young men that it was not worth their while to enlist. For either they were not wanted at all, or else the triumph of the Allies would be complete and the war over before their tedious term of training would be finished. This false or misleading "news" is assisted in

its mischievous work by the official policy of silence, qualified by tardy and inadequate tidings of the great events of the war. The real situation, though not unsatisfactory, remains quite grave enough. But this gravity is not, we fear, brought home to large numbers of our people in any clear and convincing manner. Moreover, the gallant deeds of our troops, which would kindle enthusiasm and stir emulation, are not reported by trustworthy eyewitnesses until the tidings have lost their freshness, and are overlaid by the precarious novelties of speculative journalism. On the other hand, reports of losses or defeats are withheld, or (as in the case of the naval action in the Pacific) told in a way which masks or altogether hides the truth. We have more than once protested against the policy of secretiveness. Those protests have not been inspired by considerations of idle curiosity, or merely by the sense that the nation has a right to be told of the great events upon which hangs its very existence, but by the firm conviction that the fullest measure of truth, consistent with military safety, is the simplest means of arousing and maintaining the spirit of the nation, so as to evoke the utmost power of national resistance. We do not think that Mr. Asquith, in his speech on Wednesday, gave adequate weight to this fact. If the Government would study more closely the psychology of the man in the street, it would give its censorship a more intelligent direction. It would thus discourage false information and scare-mongering, and encourage a fuller, more speedy, and more trustworthy provision of the kind of information for lack of which bewilderment spreads and recruiting flags.

NEUTRAL RIGHTS AND NEUTRAL TRADE.

SOME writers have been inclined to hold that International Law is not law at all. "The law of nations," said Bagehot, "is but an imposing name for the changing customs of civilized nations." So when a great Maritime Power suddenly finds itself hurried into a colossal war, it naturally begins to look at the laws of naval warfare in a new light, or in a series of new lights—for, of course, the commercial interest of the country and the natural desires of its merchants and shipowners may conflict with the strategy of its naval authorities. Thus, to take a simple instance, shipowners concerned with the East India trade and the Indian commercial community generally would have wished more attention paid to the "Emden" than the naval strategy of the Board of Admiralty allowed. But the Board might reply that the losses caused by the "Emden" during its extraordinary career as a corsair were of comparatively little moment to the State, though they may have brought ruin on a number of individuals. Or, again, to take a larger question of policy, of which the "Emden's" career is an illustration, merchants and shipowners will doubtless be convinced long before this war is over, that the right of capturing and destroying merchant vessels and their cargoes at sea ought to be abolished. But here, again, admirals and naval captains will doubtless affirm as stoutly as ever that this ancient weapon of their profession is for us an essential feature of naval warfare.

The chief problem of immediate practical importance so far raised is the right of a belligerent navy to search, detain, and perhaps even to capture, neutral vessels trading, or suspected of trading, through neutral ports with the enemy. Submarines and mines have made it impossible to establish a close and effective blockade of German ports in the North Sea, though, in point of fact, German commerce has practically come to an end. But the ports of Holland, Denmark, Sweden, and Norway remain open, and through them Germany has done, and still does, an appreciable trade with the outside world. There is no doubt that if we had been neutral in the war we should have insisted on trading freely with all neutral countries, and we should have been extremely jealous of any infringement of neutral rights. We must, therefore, not be surprised that the Governments of the United States and other neutral countries are by no means inclined to welcome French or British interference with movements of neutral commerce between neutral ports. But in point of fact, the supremacy which Great Britain has established at sea has been very favorable to the Allies so far as the United States is concerned. For although President Wilson has discouraged, and so far prevented, the issue of public loans to belligerents in the New York market, he has not interfered with the purchase by the Allies of supplies of all kinds for their troops. And as under British rules, these supplies are contraband, the Governments of Germany and Austria are practically debarred from making similar purchases owing to the fact that they would almost certainly be captured by our cruisers on their way to Europe. There remains a large category of goods which were placed upon the free list by the Declaration of London, and whose export therefore from the United States to Germany or Austria, *via* neutral ports, could not be interfered with. Some of these, such as lead, copper, and oil, were clearly of military value. Accordingly the British Government has reduced the free list and added to the list of contraband, finding that the Declaration of London, if fully adopted, might be unduly favorable to the enemy. The United States, however, has been hard hit by the war. Three of its principal exports—copper, cotton, and oil—have fallen in price, and a clamor has naturally been raised by American producers and exporters. Ships transferred from the German to the American registry have been seized or detained. Diplomacy has been called in to adjust differences and circumscribe the limits of belligerent rights. It seems that good temper has prevailed and that satisfactory adjustments have been made. Ships have been released, and it has already been agreed that cotton is not to be called contraband.

A more serious difficulty seemed likely to arise through the Admiralty's proclamation closing the North Sea, which was interpreted by some to mean that the Admiralty intended to lay mines right across the northern entrance to the North Sea between Scotland and Norway. We have no more information on this point than that which has already been published in the newspapers. But it should be safe to assume from what has actually happened, that no such intention was entertained by the British Government; for a day or two after the Admiralty's notice appeared, it was announced that the

principal line running from New York to Norway and Denmark would pursue its normal and direct course; and we find in a recently published telegram from Amsterdam, that the United States and Scandinavia may take action to clear mines from the non-territorial waters of the North Sea, "which must remain *mare liberum* for the commerce of neutral nations, and cannot be regarded as the private possession of one or two belligerents." Certainly nothing would give greater satisfaction to the British nation than an arrangement between belligerents and neutrals that the sowing of mines in non-territorial waters should cease. It is a foul practice begun by Germany, and only followed by us with great reluctance and in self-defence.

THE RETREAT FROM POLAND.

THE course of this war has, on the whole, confirmed the almost superstitious respect for the Prussian military machine, which has been since 1870 the foundation of German prestige. It is like all modern German work, infinitely painstaking, marvellous in its patient foresight, a masterpiece of organization. But strategy asks for finer qualities than the methodical organization of an army, and the preparation of a campaign. It demands knowledge of men, and in such a war as this a great strategist must possess a certain international tact. We have, for our part, no longer a doubt that the idea of invading France through Belgium was not only a political but a military blunder. The German idea in this war was to deal a crushing blow in the west which would bring France to her knees, and then to turn at leisure to the east, and dispose of Russia. It seems obvious to-day that exactly the contrary policy would have been the wiser course to adopt. The war was in its origin a struggle of Teuton against Slav. For that there was enthusiasm in Germany, and it was exactly the sort of issue in which Great Britain would naturally have been neutral. A political strategist would surely have preferred the defensive against France. The line of Metz and Strasburg could have been held with one-fourth of the armies which are now kept busy on the line from Switzerland to the Channel. The French, instead of being roused to the heights of a unanimous patriotic ardor, might well have felt half-hearted and uncertain about an effort for the benefit of Russia.

Had the tremendous armies which rushed through Brussels almost to the outskirts of Paris, been turned instead upon a Russia which could only concentrate slowly, they might with equal speed have swept on past Warsaw, almost unopposed to the centres of the Russian concentration. They would have encountered nothing more than a screen of covering troops, and might well have brought disaster, not so much upon the Tsar's armies, as on his depôts, his material, his organization. In all the subsequent efforts to oppose them, there could have been neither unity nor concentration, nor an adequate use of modern resources. If the wrong choice was made between these two alternatives, it sprang, we imagine, primarily from a failure in estimating the psychological factors in strategy—the stubborn resistance of the Belgians, the moral effect of the invasion of

Belgium upon us (and, indeed, on all the world), the moral effect of French unity in a defensive war, the moral loss in the diversion of German national feeling, fervid against Russia, into the unprepared channels of a non-existent hostility to France and Belgium. Worst of all was the blunder of thinking that France could be intimidated by one swift blow into an early and separate peace. The error of that last calculation, which anyone who knew the French at all would have ridiculed, has vitiated the whole German plan of campaign. It will fail, as fail it clearly must, from a series of miscalculations due to cynicism and contempt for other nations. Nothing was gained by the rush at the heart of France (magnificent though it was as a military exploit), and everything has been hazarded by the mistake of allowing Russia time to gather her strength.

Exactly how much has been risked by the contemptuous refusal to strike with adequate force at Russia before she had concentrated her armies is only fully apparent this week. The German blow, when it did come, in the belated march on Warsaw, found the Russians not quite ready even then to receive it. The Russian staff took its inspiration from history. It withdrew both from Poland and from Western Galicia, and allowed no false shame to disguise the completeness of its withdrawal. It did not even attempt to delay the German advance. The Austro-German armies were lured on, confident and unsuspecting, until the Vistula was reached, though every officer in them must have read the history of Kutusoff's similar dispositions. By that moment Russia had her forces ready, and they fell upon the Germans in front, but above all in flank. The whole German retreat from beginning to end has evidently been dictated by the almost monotonous use which the Russians have made of their numerical strength to envelop the German right. Again and again that force on the flanks has made its appearance, from the Vistula right back to the Warta, and the retreat from Warsaw has dictated in succession the withdrawal from before Ivanogorod and the Austrian retirement in Galicia. We suspect that the Russian success has been due, not merely to the good use of superior numbers, but also to superior mobility. The Russian army is the more primitive of the two. It uses horses where the enemy uses motors, and convoys of wagons where the enemy relies on the railway, but in a country where the roads are execrable and few and the railways still fewer, it is probably much the better adapted of the two forces. It has marched where it chose to march, while the Germans have necessarily followed the railways. It has made a continual and disconcerting use of its independent Cossack divisions. It has, in a word, manœuvred freely, while the Germans have been forced to advance and retire on the fixed lines of the few railways. It has been a campaign of man and horse against machine, and in this primitive country the machine has naturally been beaten. The western campaign has taught us that there is just one arm in which the Germans are decidedly superior to the French and ourselves, and that arm is the heavy artillery. Without good roads the great guns cannot be moved, and without a regular network of railways they cannot be served with ammunition.

If we are to make a cool estimate of the immediate future, we must recognize that the Germans, once more on their own frontiers, are now in a position to make use of their own perfected methods of warfare. They have behind them their own good roads and a network of railways, built rather for strategical use than for trade. They are holding prepared positions, which they will doubtless fortify, as they have fortified the line of the Aisne. They can at last teach the Russians the whole significance of "Jack Johnsons," wire-entanglements, and mines. They can, moreover, meet any rapid Cossack rush to outflank by a still more rapid concentration by rail. The material conditions, in short, are once more in their favor. On the other hand, they are subject, as usual, to political handicaps which flow directly from their own peculiar temperament. It seems that they have used the luckless Austrians ruthlessly, and set them to bear all the losses of their rear-guard actions, and the Austrians have passed from indignation to insubordination. The abstract pedantic soldier followed a perfectly natural military calculation here. He argued that it was better to use up his inferior material on work which could bring no direct benefit to the general fortunes of the campaign. He forgot human nature, as usual, and human nature has taken its revenge upon him. Chivalry would have dictated exactly the opposite course, and chivalry, even in war, is often the better worldly wisdom. German realism, which is simply national egoism, loses as much as it gains by the frank brutality of its calculations. It has lost by this piece of realism much of the fighting value of the Austrian army.

We have next to watch the effect upon German *moral* of the threat to East Prussia which cannot much longer be delayed. This long isolated strip of country is now exposed to the invasion of Russian forces along all its southern frontier. Its garrison (to use an apt if unconventional term) was only just equal to the task of holding the Russian forces which had driven it back from the Niemen. What will happen when a fresh Russian army, whose advance guard has already taken Soldau, threatens to strike at the communications of the army round Lyck, and advances up towards Dantzic? The army at Lyck may stand its ground and risk being surrounded. More probably we shall see once more a hurried concentration to save German soil from the shame of invasion. The Germans are not capable of the calculated humility which comes so easily to a Russian strategist; they will not *reculer pour mieux sauter* by a voluntary decision. Either they will risk a local disaster in East Prussia, or they will weaken their forces elsewhere to avoid it. They did that once before, and the price was their retreat from the Marne to the Aisne. This time they will run a double risk. They may weaken their southern line, and so admit the enemy to Silesia—where a deadly blow may be dealt to the industrial strength of Germany. More probably they will be forced to weaken their front in Flanders. For the next two or three weeks we suspect that East Prussia will be the real centre of gravity of the war, and what happens there may decide its immediate future in the west. The worst sign of all for the Allies would be the voluntary evacuation of East

Prussia by the German armies. That would be a proof that the enemy could profit by his earlier mistakes.

A London Diary.

ONE can safely dismiss the talk of German overtures of peace to Russia. Such a tender would be too clumsy even for Berlin. More importance, I should say, attaches to Mr. Perris's story in the "Chronicle," of the approach to certain French politicians on the lines of an arrangement as to the return of Metz and part of Lorraine. To-day I see the German press associates M. Caillaux's name with it. The wish may father the thought, but since the trial, M. Caillaux's power has gone, and neither his wealth nor his personal dexterity are likely to revive it. No other French politician—certainly not a Socialist leader—suggests himself as a conceivable instrument of this obvious effort to break through the Allies' bond to conclude joint terms of peace. France's political attitude always has been moderate, but it has been absolutely firm. Russia's communications of post-war policy, so far as they have gone, have been moderate too. But there, as here and in France, the advanced parties fear what Lord Bryce described as a "truce," in other words, a conservative re-settlement of Europe, from which no new dynamic principle and method of popular control of foreign policy are likely to emerge.

THE idea of a two-years' war is disappearing, for no nation (save our own) could stand it. But peace before next summer (after a sluggish winter campaign and a fierce revival in the spring, with a great reflux of tired and wounded men) is the earliest forecast I have heard from anyone in authority, and that is necessarily based on a belief that the period of German economic exhaustion would then be at its full, coupled with unqualified proofs of military failure.

Nor since the days of the Cromwellian Wars has Parliament seen such a reassembling as that of this week—more particularly, I mean, in its domestic aspect. At least one member of the House of Commons is now a prisoner of war, another has been killed in action, and many members of both Houses are in the trenches at the front. Lord Lansdowne, whose own state of health has been causing anxiety, has lost a son, and Lord Crewe a son-in-law. Both Mr. Asquith and Mr. Bonar Law have kindred in the fighting line, which, indeed, might be said of nearly every other front-bench or back-bench politician, including many who are themselves in action. Contentment is naturally hushed among men thus united in the intimacies of a common and overshadowing experience. I foresee a number of short sittings during the next week or two, a general avoidance of keenly controversial topics—though there is just a sign of the revival of party spirit—and an early adjournment, carried on, if possible, to a period when some decisive event in the theatre of war may be hoped for.

It is, I suppose, our gusty and variable climate that has been the cause of the recent flying accidents at home,

or near our shores. Airmen who have been scouting in France and Belgium tell me that the air conditions on the other side of the Channel, compared with those prevailing over England, are usually much more favorable to steady and prosperous flights; hence, no doubt, the marked success of our home-trained men when away from the swirling currents and atmospheric pitfalls in which they have acquired their skill. If this is a sound theory, Zeppelin-haunted minds may find some comfort by giving it a converse application—to the case, say, of an airship from a calmer latitude seeking to invade our treacherous upper currents.

WHAT has been the best speech on the war? I should give high marks to Mr. Asquith's short oration in the House on Belgium, but I put M. Cambon's at Guildhall higher still. Perhaps only a Frenchman can furnish the touch of ironic anger and pity to his characterization of such a war, or give the German professorial case for it the scornful flick of a phrase like "pedantic barbarism." We do not know this war as the French know it, and our best pens are not permitted to describe it. And we lack the power to express not merely indignation, or pity, or horror, but a combination of all these feelings, coupled with restraint. Hence, perhaps, the distinction of M. Cambon's utterance.

AND our best correspondence? Here I hesitate, for there has been so little that is good, and such a surfeit of the bad. For freshness and value of information and preciseness of statement, I put the Petrograd correspondent of the "Morning Post" a long way ahead. There has been some excellent writing in the "Chronicle" by Mr. Gibbs, and in the "Daily News" by Mr. Young, and some suggestive special correspondence in the "Telegraph." The "Times" I cannot yet praise. It has fallen far behind the "Morning Post" in serious criticism of the war.

It is rather an interesting side-fact that the distinctly republican French generals have been the most successful of France's high military leaders. General Castelnau, who is said to be a Royalist, is an exception. General Joffre, in particular, is a Republican *pur sang*.

THE following extracts from a letter of a famous Italian writer may interest my readers:—

"The political moment is of the darkest and most embarrassing description in our country; we lack statesmen even of moderate worth, and the nation itself does not seem able to decide what it really wants. While poverty, unemployment, taxes, and commercial crisis grow apace, under the weight of an 'armed and vigilant neutrality,' which has all the ills and none of the advantages of war. . . . Poor Rubini! He is admirably honest and scrupulous; but, oh! how lacking! To complete it all, now Turkey has entered the field, and as this will very probably mean a broad-spread Pan-Islamic outburst of fanaticism all over Africa, Italy will have to intervene, especially as the Young Turk Party is threatening Albania, where Avlona and its bay must not be in any other hands but ours. . . . I have many hopes that very soon our fleet will be fighting side by side with yours, and 'Tommy Atkins' will fraternize once more with our Bersaglieri, as fifty-nine years ago in the Crimea."

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

"THIS MURDEROUS WAR."

"In this murderous war," said Monsieur Cambon, the French Ambassador, speaking at the Guildhall last Monday night, "in this murderous war, the most terrible the world has ever seen, we remain true to our ideals of humanity and freedom"; and the phrase, "this murderous war," calls up a vision of scenes now being enacted within a winter day's journey of our south-eastern coast.

One sees a flat but pleasant country, capable of nearly all wholesome produce, and carefully prepared for various crops by many generations of labor. The land is drained by small and sluggish streams, deep ditches, and canals. Paved roads run across it, shaded by poplars, and leading from village to village, or town to town, almost as the crow flies. Villages and towns are marked by tall church towers or spires, which act even more surely as guides than the mountain peaks of other countries. Here and there one finds an isolated farm, or a "château" surrounded by a copse of trees brilliant with autumn colors. The whole landscape is prettily wooded, and that makes the war more murderous.

At intervals the straight roads are interrupted by barricades or barbed-wire entanglements. Earthworks extend into the carefully cultivated fields on both sides, and in some places covered tunnels are constructed, into which men may run like mice. The paved or earthen roadway itself is often pitted by fallen shells, and in the soft fields, chasms have been exploded ten times deeper than a ploughshare's furrow. To and fro upon the roads, the inhabitants of the towns, villages, and farms are continually moving in search of safety, carrying their children and bundles of selected goods from their possessions. Near the coast they stand in groups upon the highest sandhills, waiting to see whether they can venture home for one more night, or must wander off among strangers. They can see their lanes and highways full of troops—dark blue men, lighter blue men, with red trousers, mounted men whose dark cloaks partly conceal carefully browned breastplates, and whose helmets have a brown cover drawn over them, though the long horse-tail plume hangs down their backs as in Napoleonic pictures. In some familiar field, motor wagons and carts and ambulances are herded now, and under the willows a battery of big guns waits in hiding. Beyond the moving troops, not many miles away, from one end of the horizon to the other, they can see a long line of smoke always curling up. It is chiefly grey, but sometimes black, and against the black, sudden white puffs like wool appear with spurts of flame. The grey smoke rises from their blazing or smouldering villages; the white puffs from shrapnel bursting in the air; the black clouds from huge percussion shells striking on stone or wood. And from end to end of that long, smoking line, the thunder of cannon never stops.

Ten miles back from the line, the thunder is heard only as a deep, continuous murmur, varied by deeper thuds. But over an ancient town even at that safe distance an aeroplane swoops and circles like a hawk over young pheasants. The tips of its wings are curved into rounded hooks, and at sight of it a crackling of rifles rises from the town. Everyone who has a firearm of any kind rushes out to take a shot at man's latest invention. The guns join in, and shrapnel bursts round the winged machine in little clouds. Everyone longs to see it fall headlong, dashing its two brave airmen to pieces. It drops a bomb, which falls through a roof in a back street,

though aimed at the ammunition store sheds, and kills two children at breakfast. The shrapnel and rifle bullets fired from the town also fall in showers upon roofs and streets. One passes through a priest's hat and brain; another pierces a woman's throat as she calls to a neighbor to look at the "Taube." The aeroplane is already lost to sight in the morning mist, but like the love which is new every morning, it will return, and from end to end of the distant line, the rumble and thud of cannon never stop.

No one could say where the other end of that flaming, smoking, and thundering line might be, but in the north the sea appeared to end it at last. And just where the sea ends it, people in the days before the war had built a little "seaside resort," with hotels, lodging-houses, esplanade, bathing-machines, golf links, shops, and everything conducive to the restoration of health. Four six-inch guns are now firing from the golf-link bunkers. Four more are concealed among the birch-trees of the public gardens. The enemy answers with heavy shells that crash through the roofs of lodging-houses and upset the billiard tables in the casino. The bodies of men lie upon the esplanade, and no one stops to look at them. Into the saloon of one hotel the wounded are being taken, some limping, some stretched out between bearers. Suddenly there comes a more terrific crash than even the six-inch batteries are making. An enormous cone of iron flies screaming over the bathing machines at a thousand miles an hour. A mile or less out at sea a huge black ship slowly moves—broad in the beam, almost oval in shape, almost flat-bottomed. From two great guns before her funnels she flings those terrific shells. Marvellous contrivances of electric sound and wireless currents direct her aim, and the shells strike death many miles away into an unseen enemy's men. In a short time, so we hear, they have reduced a battalion of 1,000 to 85. For the line of fire has now been extended into the sea itself, and from the open sea, far away over rivers, canals, and carefully cultivated lands into an unknown distance the thunder of cannon never stops.

It is evening in one of the most beautiful Flemish towns. The belfry of the famous Town Hall is striking six amid a cloud of dust and smoke; for a "Black Maria" has just carried away one side of the Hall itself, destroying the proud labor of some forgotten architect. Many townspeople lie startled or groaning among the ruins. In the big square, soldiers stand impatiently round small fires and camp kettles, hoping there may still be time for supper. But into the midst of them and their kettles another shell falls, and many never want supper again. Close by, the ambulance waggons are hurriedly clearing the wounded out of a hospital; for a shell has plunged through the barrack roof and penetrated all the wards, killing some of the dying quick. Men and women run about the streets, some making for the open country in the rain, some for the old security of home. They pile mattresses against the windows and over the gratings, in hopes that the shells may not burst or penetrate. They clamber into dark and airless cellars, where, crowded thick without room to lie down, men and women with the children spend the night of indecent barbarism. Overhead they hear the crash of falling towers and walls. The beautiful and ancient town is rocking to destruction, and all night long the thunder of the cannon never stops.

When night is blackest, a long stream of soldiers moves, singing, through the streets. It is "Morituri" that they sing, no matter for the words or language. Their way is lighted by the houses of rich and poor that are beginning to burn. Their marching feet crunch upon the glass shaken from windows by the explosion

of the shells. Gusts of autumn wind bring slates and calcined masonry crashing down upon the pavements. The column is made up of mixed battalions, for few battalions can now muster even two companies of their own. They leave the town's ancient ramparts by the south-eastern gate. They advance for a few hundred yards along an open road between fields. Then they creep in file into the shallow trenches, cautiously stepping over the living, the wounded, and the dead that lie in sludge, just visible under the rainy moon. The enemy's attack was savage just about sunset. They came on thick as sheep before a dog, but with rifles and machine-guns we mowed them down. They built shelters and sangars of their dead. They are now carting away their dead, four tied together, in bails, to be burnt at Ghent. That is good hearing. We, too, must remove our dead and the wounded. The ambulances are waiting, hidden by the avenue behind the line, and all the while the thunder of the cannon never stops.

Just before daybreak the wounded are brought into long sheds beside the station. There they wait till trains are ready to take them to base hospitals further from the front. As the ambulances are unloaded, it is found that many have already died upon the way, and these are carried to another shed, called a "Morgue." The living are laid upon palliasses or straw, and surgeons move rapidly from one to another, cutting, plugging, and binding. Some of the men are left on stretchers, through which blood runs. The amount of blood in men is incredible. Some of the wounded were "the enemy," but now they are only wounded and dying men, babbling of their pain or of their homes, in uncouth and childlike language. Some lie still, wakeful with shock, or breathing heavily in prostration. The eyes of some are glazing, their feet and faces turning yellow. There are things that human beings dare not realize, lest they should go mad. Invisible in air or ground, the microbes of gangrene and tetanus are seeking what they may devour, and all the while the thunder of the cannon never stops.

"In this murderous war," said the French Ambassador, "we remain true to our ideals of humanity and freedom." We are fortunate in possessing such ideals, to which we can still remain true. For the war is murderous, and the thunder of the cannon never stops.

THE INCREDIBLE RUSTIC.

MORE and more, as the only world that counts grows more "towny," the townsman and the countryman drift apart. The former has become more and more vociferous; there is only one press and that is his, only one advertised opinion, and the more he chatters it and is proud of it, the more dumb grows the countryman. We all like the country, and it would scarcely be itself without its quaint inhabitants. It is in season for just a few months, the chief of which is August, and at other times of the year we scarcely believe there is such a place. If we hear of anyone who has gone to live there, we tell him that it must be very nice in the summer, but that he need not tell us that he enjoys it in winter, for we shouldn't believe him if he did. If we catch him in a dead month straying up to the region of light, we challenge him, saying, "Now, don't you admit that it is a dreary place in winter?" Considering that very nearly all of us lived in the country the year round only two generations ago, this is a strange attitude to take up, but there it is.

Mr. Percy Withers in his new book, "In a Cumberland Dale" (Grant Richards), offers, consciously and un-

consciously, some comments on country manners and town perceptions. He lived on Derwentwater for a year or two round, because he was wise enough to know that you cannot see the mountains properly in ever so many Augusts. It is not so long ago that no one outside Westmoreland and Cumberland saw any beauty in the mountains. They were too strong meat for the travelling lowlander. Poets described as frightful precipices slopes whereon now men and women delight to picnic. William Gilpin found the view from Dunmail Raise "entirely of the horrid kind." And that is the note with which men spoke of them, says Mr. Withers, until Wordsworth came to declare that the sublime in natural scenery is not horrid but beautiful. We get the startling thought in the Duddon sonnets that these "unfruitful solitudes" did not breed in man,

(The) "hideous usages and rites accursed,
That thinned the living and disturbed the dead,"

but that,

"... whatever fruit
Of ignorance thou mightest witness heretofore,
Thy function was to heal and to restore,
To soothe and cleanse, not madden and pollute."

Even now we only try to admire the upper Duddon when the bogs are gay with asphodel and redolent of myrtle, when the splashed rocks are in tender green with fern, and the dipper has her nest among them, when butterflies are abroad, and the bee hums amid the purple heather. "Well, at any rate," we say, "we take care to go and see the Lake country at its best." Like a blow comes the answer of the incomprehensible rustic that August is the one month in which the Lake country cannot be seen. The old man of the district who personifies country opinion in Mr. Withers's idylls makes August his dead month in which nothing is to be done but glue all one's attention on necessary work. He says:—

"Ey, it's seah. Aa've seen it afore to-day, an' there'll be nea change till it braks doon. Not that we maun complain. It is arranged, mebbe, at this time for them that come to go aboot in coaches, or come to the woods to light a fire and tak their tea, an' go heamm thinkin' they've seen it. It's gay fine weather, hooiver, an' we hev to fa' in with it. . . . It's a strange thing—Aa can niver understand it—that when the sun's highest, an' glintin' brightest, an' there's maist light ivvrywhere, there's always seah much less to see. Then in a day o' mizzle, when ye'r hev'n't a blenk o' blue sky, ye'r canna look wrang. An' if there's a mist smuderin' the hill-tops, there's seah much goin' on at t' edge of it ye'r knaw far mair's happenin' underneath."

We are not quite certain that this old man is real. He is somewhat too talkative for our taste in countrymen, and we seem to have the author's confession that he was drawn out only with great difficulty. It is wonderful the amount of juice you can get from an apparently dry apple—by destroying the apple. We doubt very much the old man's perplexity over the phenomenon of the richness of the mist. We believe that it is taken just as naturally as the sweetness of plums and the sourness of crabs. It is only novel to those who climb Great Gable, and are disappointed because there is "no view."

We like Derwent Water in summer; deep as the sky it mirrors with far-away fleecy clouds, then shallow as a flooded meadow and full of brightly-colored fish. It is then like Virginia Water, like Queen's Mere, like the Serpentine. But in winter it is itself, when, frozen thick so that the water-fowl have no swimming, one still day there is a sound like a cannon clap followed by musketry, and a mile-long crack has gone from shore to shore. And Sty-Head Tarn is indeed Sty-Head Tarn, when all you can see of it in a thick white world is a streak of bluish sludge as wide as an English brook. That would be a great sight even for the tourist who had

gone a long way to see it. We do not know what it may be to the shepherd who comes upon it in his lonely round, nor what it does for his soul. And not only do we say to him, "It must be a weird place to live in at winter time," but he, when we say what a nice place he has, volunteers the exception that it is bleak when the fells are under snow.

We know something of the seasons in the towns also. Winter is pleasant if there are no burst water-pipes, because then we contrive so many occasions for talk and gaiety. Spring is exquisitely pretty with almond blossom and crocuses in the Park. Summer is a dusty glare, and then we like to get out of town and go and see the country at its best. And there we find a queer people, who have no idea of the beauties that are around them, but who, we are sure, would be ever so much surprised if they could come to town and see some of our common wonders. There is one thing we clearly understand about them, and that is their taciturnity, which is amply accounted for by the dull lives they live.

We admire the heroism with which Mr. Withers stretches himself on the altar of conversation so that we may see how dull the countryman is. "Good-morning," he cries cheerily, and, getting an echo by way of answer, shortly asks the farmer, "How many sheep do you number?" to which, strangely enough, he gets no reply. "I knew he heard it," he says, "because he shifted his legs ever so little and peered more intently on the nearest shearer." But the boor makes no answer. By contrast, think of the wealth of detail with which the author would answer the kindly query, "How much money have you got?" However, he sticks to the subject, and by a sort of Dutch auction runs the farmer down till he admits two thousand. Then he tackles the vitally interesting subject of the price of wool; but, alas! with a non-committal "O ey," "the old man got up from his bench and walked out by a door at the further end of the building."

And yet, without any pertinacity of questioning, we have had from countrymen discriminating, almost scholarly, treatises on the ways of wild animals, the joys of farming, and the human problems that baffle us all. He does not prefer to talk "shop," as so many conversationalists seem to imagine he ought. He does not start any subject on a hair trigger, and he is utterly deficient in the art of "making talk." He has a better idea of what is the real tragedy of the war than he is likely to get out of newspapers, but he is not longing to give it voice. When he does answer questions he can be shrewd. Mr. Withers asked him which of two poems about a pool he liked best:—

"Each seemed as 'twere a little sky
Gulphed in a world below."

or—

"I measured it from side to side,
'Twas four feet long and three feet wide."

He answered, "Well, Aa'm naw verra particular judge of poetry whativer. But when a pool o' watter's being discussed Aa'm glad to hear the size o'ot. It tells you something you doan't know. As regards t'ooder it's same wi' aw pools."

Letters from Abroad.

COUGHT THE RUSSIAN DEMOCRATS TO FEAR A VICTORY?

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The sudden and unexpected outbreak of the Great War has been most painful for all the belligerent States. But this is especially the case in regard to

Russia, because, at the very moment when the war began, our country was passing through an internal crisis—a difficult but salutary crisis, and one which was already giving promise of the favorable issue of a new political régime. The movement of the Russian masses towards liberty, conquered by reactionary Tsarism in 1906-1907, began again at the end of 1911, and the political emancipation of the Russian people was not, in the words of one of our proverbs, "behind the mountains." And a very few days before the declaration of war, the streets of Petrograd witnessed the people rising and protesting against the reactionary party, and demanding political rights and liberties. But the war came and put an end to this liberating movement. Martial law was proclaimed throughout the country. Power was transferred from the hands of the civil authorities into the hands of the military authorities. The Radical press was suppressed. Apart from all these governmental measures, the attention of the public and the thoughts of Russians, which some days earlier had been concentrated on the problems of internal politics, had been completely dominated by foreign affairs, by this universal war in which Russia is destined to play a great part.

If you take all this into consideration, you will understand the possibility of the existence of a strange current, a strange tendency, in the public opinion of the Russian democracy of to-day. This tendency can be expressed by the words, "the fear of victory."

"We fear the possible victory of Russia in the present war," the representatives of this tendency say, "because it will be a victory for Tsarism and for reaction. If Tsarism issues victorious from this foreign war, it will fortify itself at home, and its position, compromised at present, will improve, thanks to the military glory it will have acquired. And in that case we may say good-bye to all our political aspirations and all our dreams of freedom!"

Such an argument seems to me entirely false. And for these reasons: In the first place, it is not true that victory would necessarily lead us into reaction in internal politics. The history of Russia knows such victories, which were not followed by the strengthening of reactionary tendencies. The war against Napoleon in 1812, for instance, was followed by a propagation of liberal ideas among the Russian intellectuals. But if the war of 1812 was a war against Napoleonic Cæsarism, the war of 1914 is also a war against another Cæsarism, the Cæsarism of William II.

In the next place, we cannot state that an unsuccessful war would always lead to revolution in the conquered country. If the war against Japan accelerated the development of the revolutionary crisis in Russia, it also hindered it, as I have shown in one of the chapters of my "Modern Russia." This coincidence of war and revolution had exhausted the strength of the people to such a degree that, conquered abroad, it could not conquer at home, and it was unable to put an end to the reaction by a popular outburst, noble and devoted in itself, but one which had been artificially accelerated by a disastrous war.

Besides this, it seems to me that those who expect the liberation of a people through an external defeat are also mistaken from the psychological point of view. One cannot be at the same time a free man and a slave, and he who easily endures the domination of an autocratic foreign master cannot possess the moral force necessary to carry to a finish the struggle against autocracy in his own country. Those Russian democrats who expect the political liberation of Russia from the success of German cannons and bayonets do not believe in the power and capacity of their fellow-countrymen. They regard them as incapable of freeing themselves by their own efforts.

To expect that the armies of German Cæsarism will give freedom to Russia is all the more absurd because the Kaiser and his acolytes have always been the friends of the Russian reaction. In 1905 the Liberal Party in Russia knew perfectly well that the Kaiser was ready to give armed assistance to Tsarism to repress the Russian revolution. One of the leaders of the Polish Nationalist Party, an ex-member of the Duma, M. Dmowsky, states

in his book on the Polish question, that the Government of William II. has always urged the Government of Nicholas II. to a more and more reactionary policy in Poland. The parties of the extreme right in Russia and the "Black Hundreds" have always proclaimed the necessity of a union between Russian Tsarism and German Imperialism, for the latter could—say the partisans of our extreme Right—"maintain the political reaction in Russia against the revolutionary movement of the people."

All these facts demonstrate that those people are mistaken who hope that the Russian people will receive freedom, a Constitution, political democracy, at the hands of William II. and his generals. On the contrary, the task of securing Russian liberty would become much more difficult after a German victory, because this would mean that a Cæsarist domination would be spread all over Europe, and a terrible blow struck against all European democracy. The brutal spirit of militarism has penetrated so deeply into every corner of German life that even the German Social Democrats showed themselves, at the moment of the declaration of war, completely incapable of freeing themselves from the influences of this spirit. This is why every sincere democrat ought to fear the victory of Germany.

A German victory would also be dangerous to Russia and to all Europe from the economic point of view. If Russia issues victorious from this war, she will be unable to seize upon the economic markets of the world and monopolize them to her own exclusive profit. In our time, in order to dominate the economic market, it is necessary to have such a technical machinery, such an industrial organization, as Russia, a semi-agricultural country, does not possess. Germany, on the other hand, if she were victorious in a military sense, could also dominate Europe in the economic sense; she is sufficiently industrialized for that. The economic domination of Germany would be especially injurious to the development of Russia, which, perhaps, would become almost a German colony. And this economic enfeeblement of Russia would be reflected in her social and political life, which would be governed by stagnation and retreat instead of by a movement of advance.

But even this is not all. In this world's war we Russians ought not to consider solely the immediate interests of our own country. We ought to take account also of the interests of all the other European countries. We admit that modern Germany is better educated, more civilized, than Russia. But France, England, and Belgium? Are they not the most advanced countries in the world? Is their "culture" lower than that of Germany? Are their political systems not higher than that of Germany, where the personal power of the Kaiser can be exercised almost as freely as the autocracy of the Russian Tsar? The example of brave little Belgium, crushed beneath the heel of Prussian Cæsarism, shows us very clearly what European democracy may expect from the final and general triumph of that Cæsarism. But the victory of France, of England, and of Belgium, seems to me impossible without the simultaneous victory of Russia. And if it is a great misfortune for us Russian democrats that the armed forces of Russia are in the hands of a Tsarism which has used them to crush the popular movement, it is at the same time a lucky thing for the peoples of France and Belgium that the Russian army is on the frontiers of Germany and Austria. The Russian revolutionists are anti-militarists and pacifists. But I assure you that if a revolution broke out in Russia at this moment, if Tsarism were overthrown and a new Government established by the purest of our anti-militarists, that Government would be forced to continue the war so as to drive the German troops from Belgium and from France, and to prevent the Imperialism of William II. from dominating Europe.

The defeat of the German army would also be useful to Germany herself, from the point of view of her internal development. It would open the ears of the German masses, who will listen to nothing to-day, deafened as they are by the bellicose songs of the Kaiser and his generals. Defeat would bring about a great movement of disillusion and disenchantment in Germany, and would

perhaps result in a republican form of government in that country. The establishment of a republic in Germany would be very advantageous to the peace of the world, and it would have a great effect upon the internal life of Russia, where the existence of an autocratic system would become impossible by the side of a German republic.

This is why Russian democracy ought not "to fear a victory." That victory would be a better issue, both from the point of view of the working masses of all Europe and from that of the progress of Russia. But what the Russian democrats ought to do in case of victory is to force their own Government to keep the promises it has given to the Poles, to decline fresh acquisitions of territory without the consent of the populations of the conquered districts, expressed by a free referendum, to suppress all restrictive measures against the Jews, to establish complete toleration and national autonomy, &c. Russia must be free and democratic as a result of this great war. But we cannot receive this freedom and democracy from German bayonets. We must conquer them ourselves. And this we shall do!—Yours, &c.,

G. ALEXINSKY.

(Author of "Modern Russia.")

Letters to the Editor.

SOLDIERS' WIVES AND PUBLIC-HOUSES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—We read with much interest your illuminating article on "Soldiers' Wives and the Public-houses" in this week's issue. We are convinced that the lines it suggests are the right ones on which to move. It really amounts to an extension of the principles of the Public-House Refreshment Association to military areas—in other words, that public-houses should be run on more or less the Continental plan. The manager should receive no profit on the sale of alcoholic drinks, but a substantial commission on the sale of food and aerated waters.

We feel strongly that such a reform might well be applied to all public-houses wherever situated. The public-house is the poor man's club, and it is obviously unfair to close his club for social purposes, apart from the drinking of alcohol, at the only time that he can use it. The really statesmanlike procedure is to make his club a place where good food can be got, where men and women can meet on equal terms without any compulsion or requirement on their part to take any alcoholic drink at all. At the same time, if a reasonable amount is desired with food, it would, in our opinion, be unwise to attempt to withhold it.

There is one point not touched on in your article, viz., grocers' licenses, there some drastic restrictions could do nothing but good.—Yours, &c.,

JANE WALKER,

Med. Supt. of the East Anglian and Maltings Farm Sanatoria, Nayland, Suffolk.

M. SOPHIA JEVONS, M.B., B.S., M.A.,
Member of the London County Council
Education Committee.

122, Harley Street, W., November 10th, 1914.

AMERICA AND THE WAR.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It seems a pity that Mr. Bernard Shaw in his eloquent letter on the above subject should have made no reference to the Hague Treaty of 1907. The fifth Convention of that treaty, with its first article, suggested by the Belgian delegate, guaranteeing the inviolability of neutral States, was surely as much a treaty, as valid and formal as those treaties of 1839 and 1867 which expressly guaranteed the neutrality of Belgium and of Luxemburg. Inasmuch as it was signed by more than forty States instead of only by a few, it is of greater solemnity, being girt with an international character and constituting in fact the most notable addition to the public law of the world made to it since the Declaration of Paris in 1856. The later treaty virtually

bound to its observance all the neutral Powers that are now looking on idly as spectators. Its violation was a menace to the safety of every neutral Power. Yet when the treaty was in jeopardy, America, under the same obligations of honor as ourselves, stood aloof, sending through her Ambassador at Berlin not so much as a word of remonstrance for the prevention of one of the grossest breaches of international law recorded in history.

The riddle I cannot answer is how she came to suffer by one of the contracting Powers such an insult to a treaty which, by bearing her signature, bound her in honor to its diplomatic defence. To have passed over in silence this violation of a world-treaty will seem to posterity more amazing than the violation itself. When she might have struck a blow for public law which would have stood to her immortal credit through all ages, and struck it with the mere force of her moral condemnation, expressed firmly at a moment when such intervention might have saved Belgium, her pure passivity stands out from this international chaos as far from the least of its immeasurable evils. To let the treaty go by default, to treat it as non-existent, was a misfortune of the first magnitude. But, though it is now too late to make the stand on behalf of public faith which, if made in time, might have prevented the war, the rights conferred by that treaty still remain, and the right of the neutral Powers, singly or in conjunction with others, to remind Germany of her obligations under the treaty to the neutral Powers is still one which might be used effectively, especially by America, to prevent the wearisome business being continued to a point when even the war parties of all the fighting Powers will be sick to death of it.—Yours, &c.,

J. A. FARRER.

50, Ennismore Gardens, W., November 11th, 1914.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I passed the month of September in America, and think that some account of the state of public opinion in the United States in the present crisis may prove of interest to your readers. That month was spent in and about New York and Boston. In it we came into contact with men of business, newspaper men, university professors, and the everyday man and woman you meet in hotels, on cars, at subways, in shops, and at the houses of friends. An hour after we landed we had seen and heard enough to convince us that American opinion was formed, and that it was solid for the Allies. We had expected it to be favorable—the comments of our fellow-passengers on the "Mauretania," the occupant of every deck-chair deep in Bernhardt, had prepared us for as much; but we had hardly expected the solidity of opinion and passion of conviction that we met. We sought—and sought almost in vain—a strong pro-German minority. On the first Sunday we were lunching with a friend, who nodded at his butler, "A German," he confided to us. "He has turned against his Emperor." The "New York Times," owned by a German, was as vehemently anti-German as any paper in New York. And men in business told us that the large working-class German element in New York was, in the main, indifferent; expressing only a tempered anxiety on the Slavic invasion of their country.

But if the mass of German workers in the United States are indifferent, or even anti-German, that cannot be said of the intellectuals or the financial magnates. These are untiring in their efforts on behalf of their country. The pamphlet, "The Truth about the War," was issued especially for American readers, and the counters of the booksellers are littered with it. Professor Münsterberg rushed a book through the press in support of Germany, and is said in Harvard to have paid for his temerity by the loss of students at his lectures. Eucken, Franke, and others are busy in the press. Perhaps, for the first time in American history, newspaper boys may be heard at the subways shouting in German the latest editions of the "New York Staat Zeitung." Business men told us that no communication comes from the Vaterland but contains an impassioned defence of her attitude, and an equally impassioned declaration of the certainty of her ultimate success. How busy, and, I think I may add, how clever, are the agents of Germany may be instanced by an incident that came under my eye. One evening I went to see the editor of a leading New York weekly. The editor,

as I entered, was talking with a foreigner—a German, clearly. When the German departed, he left behind him a MS. The man was Krupp's principal agent in the United States; the article on "The Education of Militarism."

But the efforts of Germany, however industrious, are almost pitifully ineffective. The all-day crowds outside the offices of the "Herald," cheering successes of the Allies, are evidence enough of that; and such symptoms as that one small village of 1,000 inhabitants in Long Island, where we stopped, was making 2,000 nightshirts for our wounded.

Nor could we wonder at the trend of public opinion. The press throughout was hostile; so hostile that at one time it seemed as if the President was becoming nervous. Bernhardt has proved the most invaluable ally of the Allies. Every American had the Prussian General's book in his hand, and the Prussian gospel on his lips. "It's a hellish gospel," said a distinguished Bostonian to the writer. And the German Ambassador has proved himself an admirable second to Bernhardt. "What the Allies owe to that man few can know," J. M. Barrie said, in an interview in the "New York Times." And he was right.

And the German methods of advocacy militate against them as greatly as does their gospel. Those methods are based upon a complete misunderstanding of the American mind, and a resolute determination not to play the game. For instance: Before the war, a society was started in the States to popularize German art and literature. Many distinguished Americans became the patrons of that society, President Wilson among them. The names of these distinguished Americans figure on the note-paper of the society. Now that society is appealing to Americans on behalf of Germany, appealing especially for fair play, on paper which is stamped with the name of President Wilson.

Many men told us that they had never known feeling in this country so unanimous and so strong. Nor were the reasons far to seek. Ex-President Roosevelt was making it abundantly clear to America what the victory of Germany would mean to the United States. The blood-tie with England was making itself felt as never before. The inherited friendship with France was a telling factor. But most potent far was the deep underlying sense that the Allies were fighting that "Government of the People, by the People, for the People" might not perish from the earth.—Yours, &c.,

ALFRED OLLIVANT.

JOURNALISM—THE NEW STYLE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The success of the malignant attacks on Prince Louis of Battenberg constrains me to ask you to permit me to direct attention to the curiously "patriotic" conduct of a section of the press at this juncture. Your readers will not have forgotten the venomous attacks of the "Times," the "Daily Mail," and the "Evening News," on Lord Haldane at the beginning of the war, because these papers feared he was to be appointed Secretary for War, an appointment, we were told, the news of which would be received with dismay in Paris, presumably owing to Lord Haldane's criminal knowledge of the German language. This preliminary effort was excelled on October 3rd by the "Daily Mail" giving prominence to a letter from a Mr. Egerton Castle, of Hindhead, who asked: "Whose tender conscience, already distinguished by its anti-war policy, is it that is now handing over our best interests to the Hun?" The writer answered this conundrum by indicating, in scarcely veiled sentences, the Lord Chancellor.

On October 26th, the "Morning Post" published a letter from "A good Frenchman," who, notwithstanding Great Britain having poured forth the blood of her sons like water, and by her swift aid saved Paris from occupation by the Germans and France from disaster, had the audacity to inquire: "What has England done?" and to tell us to declare for compulsory military service.

On October 16th, the "Morning Post" said: "There is a strong, growing, and dangerous feeling in the country that the safety of our Army and Navy, and our duty to our Allies are being neglected and imperilled by the lukewarmness of the Government in these and other matters." The day previous it declared that "Mr. Churchill's characteristics

make him, in his present position, a danger and an anxiety to the nation." On November 5th it stated that "almost everything was neglected until war broke out." On October 26th, the "Globe" stated that "though every well-informed person knows that the character of Prince Louis of Battenberg is beyond challenge, it is imperative that the man in the street should be equally satisfied. At present he is not, and it is a plain, though most disagreeable, duty to say so." On the same date the "Times" published a leading article on "America and the Censorship." This article said that the "New York Evening Post"—"one of the most sober and restrained of American newspapers"—had brought grave charges against the British Censorship, supporting these accusations by quoting a letter from the London Correspondent of the "New York Globe," "flatly making the charge that despatches have been altered for the purposes of hiding the truth and blackening the enemy's character." The "Times" added: "We do not for a moment credit this charge, which is unthinkable, but the Government cannot allow so serious an allegation to go unanswered." The next day the London Correspondent of the "New York Globe," Mr. H. Corey, wrote to say he did not recall the phrase the "Times" had credited him with, and that the article referred to was written, approximately, a month ago, and "I have not yet seen it in print." Thereupon, the "Times" says, "as was anticipated," the charge is not corroborated.

These samples of the spirit and methods of a section—and a large section—of the Conservative press show that devious ways are no monopoly of German "Kultur." The journals named do not hesitate to stab the servants of the State, individually and collectively, and under the mask of an eager patriotism to indulge the promptings of party malice. (To what depths these can sink let the current issue of the "National Review" bear witness.) Thus the "Globe," prior to Prince Louis's resignation, stated that his character was "beyond challenge." The ordinary person would imagine that, such being the case, there was no need to challenge it; but the "Globe" proceeded to contend that the man-in-the-street must be equally satisfied, and advised Prince Louis to issue a certificate of his honesty. The "Times" again does not first take steps to discover if its "unthinkable" charge against the Government is thinkable. No; it quotes the charge, declares it so terrible as to be incredible, publishes a letter from the man who is said to have made it saying he cannot recall having made it, and then—apologizes? Oh no! Then remarks: "We told you so"; "we said it was too bad to be true." The "Daily Mail," with equal airiness, prints a letter which means either that Lord Haldane or the Government is guilty of high treason.

And these journals rejoice in their claims to be the one-and-only patriots. Let a voice be raised for innocent aliens in this country, and these mouth-organs blast every green thing in their wrath. But how the enemy must gloat over these patriotic tit-bits, these prime cuts, indeed, from the loyalty joint! We know they do.—Yours, &c.,

RICHARD MUDIE-SMITH.

National Liberal Club, S.W.
November 9th, 1914.

KANT ON INTERNATIONAL MORALITY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Among the great names to which the defenders of modern German policy appeal is that of Kant. So it is, perhaps, worth while to quote a passage from Miss Campbell Smith's translation of the essay on "Perpetual Peace," first published in 1795. In these sentences Kant first refers to the main thesis of the essay—that a lasting peace can only be secured by a free federation of the Sovereign States of Europe—and then goes on to describe (and condemn) with an accuracy which seems almost prophetic, certain of the methods and maxims of latter-day *Weltpolitik*. Whatever be the Germany to which we are opposed in the present war, it is hardly the Germany of Kant.

"The condition of a law of nations being possible at all is that, in the first place, there should be a law-governed state of things. If this is not so, there can be no public right, and all right which we can think of outside the law-

governed state—that is to say, in the state of nature—is mere private right. Now we have seen above that something of the nature of a federation between nations, for the sole purpose of doing away with war, is the only rightful condition of things reconcilable with their individual freedom. . . . And the lawful basis of all politics can only be the establishment of this union in its widest possible extent.

"Apart from this end, all political sophistry is folly and veiled injustice. Now this sham politics has a casuistry, not to be excelled in the best Jesuit school. It has its *mental reservation*, as in the drawing up of a public treaty in such terms as we can, if we will, interpret when occasion serves to our advantage; for example, the distinction between the *status quo* in fact and in right. Secondly, it has its *probabilism*, when it pretends to discover evil intentions in another, or makes the probability of their future ascendancy a lawful reason for bringing about the destruction of other peaceful states. Finally, it has its *philosophical sin*, which is that of holding it a trifle, easily pardoned, that a smaller state should be swallowed up, if this be to the gain of a nation much more powerful; for such an increase of power is supposed to tend to the greater prosperity of the whole world." (Pp. 192-4.)

—Yours, &c.,

G. F. BARBOUR.

Bonskeid, Pitlochry, November 10th, 1914.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN THE UNITED STATES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—According to a cable which I have received from my wife, dated Sunday, November 8th, your statement in last week's issue referring to the Referenda in the American States on woman suffrage is not correct.

My information is that Montana and Nevada have decided in favor of woman suffrage, and that the issue in Nebraska and Dakota (?—North and South) is still doubtful. This only leaves two, or perhaps three, States where the Referendum has been already decided against woman suffrage.—Yours, &c.,

F. W. PETHICK LAWRENCE.

87, Clement's Inn, Strand, W.C.
November 9th, 1914.

THE "BRITANNICA WAR-BOOKS" AND MR. BODLEY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The war, which has filled the minds of most of us with sad pre-occupation, has also stimulated the commercial enterprise of certain publishers, of which I am a victim.

My name has been widely advertized as that of the joint-author—with a writer with whom I have no acquaintance—of a book called "A Short History of France," and also, with cool fatuity, "The Perfect Short History." It was issued by the Encyclopædia Britannica Co., "by permission of the publishers, the Cambridge University Press." The use of my name being wholly unauthorized, I put the matter in lawyers' hands, with the result that the publishers have withdrawn from circulation all copies bearing my name on the title-page, and have undertaken not to use it again in any advertisements of this book. So the wrong has been acknowledged, though it can be only partially repaired.

The book seems to be a reprint of articles from the Encyclopædia Britannica. Two of them I wrote years ago without the faintest suspicion that they would ever be used in any other publication without my leave being asked. These two articles have been bound up, without revision, which they sorely needed, in a volume seven-ninths of which are by another writer, my work being undistinguishably mixed up with the other. The title-page (now reprinted) indicated that I was jointly responsible for the whole of the book, and so reckless was the liberty taken with my name that I was there described as the author of another book of which I do not know the existence.

This proceeding raises a question of high importance to all authors, the more important because it was undertaken "by permission of the Cambridge University Press." It is that of an author's right to protect his own name from being used to make the public believe that he is responsible for work which he has never seen, and which contains opinions and statements entirely opposed to his view.—Yours, &c.,

J. E. C. BODLEY.

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WAR AND THE CHILD.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I have waited to see if any writers who desire their names to be affixed to Professor Hobhouse's Manifesto, should give expression to the doubt which weighs upon my own mind. It is this: Professor Hobhouse believes that the cause of civilization in Europe rests with the success of our arms. I did until lately. But when I see the awfulness of the havoc; when I contemplate the nervous peril which is likely to be the heritage of countless numbers who are to be born to-day and to-morrow and perhaps for months to come, I ask myself, are the fruits of conquest—no matter with whom—to be commensurate in the slightest degree with the put-back of a whole generation feebly born?

Look at the wrecks born in the warfare of the old sort. How much more hideous the present strain, for those who wait, and for those who fight—parents actual or potential!

Personally, I desire a firmer basis of conviction than I yet possess as to the rightness of pursuing our course to the finish. This means fighting till Germany starves. Shall we, as a nation desiring "the advancement of civilization in Europe," so act as to physically weaken what might be the greatest democracy in the world? If militarism has got on top because foul play* has muffled the voice of the democracies, the physical weakening of the democracies will render them only more helpless, *less able to think and assert their right*, and the weary, awful business will begin all over again, and at a stage even further back.

Can we, I ask myself, who in this twentieth century are no longer quite ignorant as to the factors in the making of men, who know of all the causes making for variation towards degeneracy, unnatural ante-natal and early conditions are the greatest, can we pursue war as if this knowledge were not ours?

I appeal for a manifesto from the doctors, neurologists, and biologists of the nations.—Yours, &c.,

A. CAROLINE SEWELL.

Wellington Street, Canning Town, E.

November 11th, 1914.

* Inference drawn from "Studies in Modern History."

† See "Report British Association"—Biological Sec., 1914.

THE GERMAN SPIRIT.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—A greater than even Sir Robert Morier, no less a person than Milton, denounced the Germanic methods of warfare. The passage I refer to occurs in "Paradise Regained" (Book III., 71-92):—

"They err, who count it glorious to subdue
By conquest far and wide, to overrun
Large countries, and in fields great battles win,
Great cities by assault: what do these worthies
But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave
Peaceable nations, neighboring or remote,
Made captive, yet deserving freedom more
Than those their conquerors, who leave behind
Nothing but ruin wheresoe'er they rove,
And all the flourishing works of peace destroy:
Then swell with pride, and must be titled gods,
Great benefactors of mankind, deliverers,
Worshipt with temple, priest, and sacrifice?
One is the son of Jove, of Mars the other;
Till conqueror Death discover them scarce men,
Rolling in brutish vices and deformed,
Violent or shameful death their due reward.
But if there be in glory aught of good,
It may by means far different be attained,
Without ambition, war, or violence:
By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,
By patience, temperance."

Milton puts these nobly conceived and finely expressed lines worthily in the lips of Christ. Later, in the same book (line 400), he represents Christ as saying that He sees in

"That cumbersome
Luggage of war there shown me, argument
Of human weakness rather than of strength."

And Milton knew from experience what war is. He was no mild pacifist. Were Milton "living at this hour," we can

imagine what would be the torrent of his glorious verse in presence of the trampling of little Belgium by a brutal Power. Wordsworth's words perhaps best express our feelings for Belgium:—

"Thou has left behind
Powers that will work for thee; air, earth, and skies;
There's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee; thou has great allies;
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind."

—Yours, &c.,

S. E. KEEBLE.

77, Victoria Road, S., Southsea, Portsmouth.

November 11th, 1914.

A REPLY TO THE GERMAN PROFESSORS' MANIFESTO.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—May I say that, in addition to the communications which you printed last week, I have had letters approving of the suggested reply to the German Professors from the following: Sir W. F. Barrett, F.R.S., Mr. F. S. Marvin, Mrs. E. Foster, Mr. Rayner Storr, Sir William Bowring, Rev. E. S. Keek, Mrs. H. Chitty, Mr. Fisher Unwin, and Mrs. Cobden Unwin.—Yours, &c.,

L. T. HOBHOUSE.

7, Broadlands Road, Highgate, N.

November 10th, 1914.

SIR,—I shall be happy to affix my name to Mr. L. T. Hobhouse's reply to the German Professors, as per your issue of October 31st.—Yours, &c.,

W. TREGO WEBB.

(Sometime Professor of English Literature,
Presidency College, Calcutta.)

Minsmere, Dunwich, Suffolk.

November 6th, 1914.

SIR,—Please add my name to Mr. Hobhouse's reply to the German Professors.—Yours, &c.,

HAROLD RYLETT, Hon. Secretary,

"Stop the War Committee" (South African War).
Tenterden, Kent,

November 5th, 1914.

Poetry.

ONE SPEAKS IN GERMANY.

"I bid you build a tower,"
The king said to me,
"Where I can watch the passing
Of ships at sea."
And I built the king a tall tower.

And the king grew cunning,
And covetous was he
Of any ship was passing
Over the sea;
A sorry heart, and cunning.

I stand in the shadow
Of the king's tall tower,
And a heavy wind is nursing
An evil hour.
I am standing in the shadow.

JOHN DRINKWATER.

The Greatest Social Opportunity of our Lifetime



[Photo: Elliott & Fry.]
GENERAL SIR IAN HAMILTON, G.C.B., D.S.O. (G.O.C. Central Force), writes: "Your Association seems to be truly hitting the nail on the head, and working for the good of our soldier lads, one and all."

NEVER before in our lifetime has so unique an opportunity occurred for social service in this country. Hundreds of thousands of young men are now in camp under war conditions throughout the British Isles preparing to fight for their King, their Country, and for you.

Recognising this supreme claim and the need for prompt action, the National Council of the Young Men's Christian Association has begun work for the troops in no fewer than 500 centres. While the weather was bright and warm, it was found possible to conduct operations under the cover of large marquees erected in the camps.

The winter is now approaching, and the need is imperative to replace these marquees by temporary buildings.



[Photo: Lafayette.]
GENERAL SIR H. L. SMITH-DORRIEN writes: "No one appreciates more than I do the enormous amount of good work done by the Y.M.C.A. for the troops in the Southern Command."

Who will give the First New Building this week?

The comparatively small sum of £300 will build and equip a complete temporary building for one of our war camps. Since the outbreak of war, between five and six million letters have been written by the troops in these marquees. Here, after the serious training of the day is over, the soldiers can read papers, magazines and books, write letters home, play games, enjoy music and social intercourse, and in hundreds of other ways find refreshment from the hardships, dangers and discomforts of camp life.

You may, or you may not, miss the money; but as long as you live you will never regret having rendered this unique service to our troops. The need is pressing; it is urgent; to delay now is to cripple an enterprise which for its vastness and opportunity has never before been realised in our time. One donor has already given five complete buildings; several others have given one each. Will you give the first complete building this week?

Donations should be forwarded to R. L. Barclay, Esq., Y.M.C.A. National Council Offices, Russell Square, W.C.

Every donor of a complete structure will receive a photograph of the building, with a description of the work being done.

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will build and equip a complete new building for one of our war camps. With the winter at hand, the need is most urgent. At least 200 such buildings are wanted at once. Will you give one?

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One of the 200 New Buildings urgently needed before the winter sets in.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Treitschke: His Life and Works." (Jarrold; and Allen Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)
- "The Nomads of the Balkans." By A. G. B. Wace and M. S. Thompson. (Methuen. 15s. net.)
- "Shakespeare's Environment." By C. C. Stopes. (Bell. 7s. 6d. net.)
- "Political Reminiscences of the Right Hon. Sir Charles Tupper." Edited by W. A. Harkin. (Smith, Elder. 7s. 6d. net.)
- "Mrs. Pankhurst's Own Story." (Nash. 7s. 6d. net.)
- "The Tory Tradition." By G. G. Butler. (Murray. 3s. 6d. net.)
- "Half Hours." Four Plays. By J. M. Barrie. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)
- "A Wanderer in Venice." By E. V. Lucas. (Methuen. 6s.)
- "Practical Mysticism." By Evelyn Underhill. (Dent. 2s. 6d. net.)
- "Prisoners of War in France (1804-1814)." Edited by Sir Edward Hain. (Duckworth. 7s. 6d. net.)
- "The Mason Bees." By J. Henri Fabre. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s. net.)
- "An Outline of Russian Literature." By the Hon. Maurice Baring. (Williams & Norgate. 1s. net.)
- "Political Thought in England from Bacon to Halifax." By G. P. Gooch. (Williams & Norgate. 1s. net.)
- "Incredible Adventures." By Algernon Blackwood. (Murray. 6s.)
- "Thracian Sea." By John Helston. (Nash. 6s.)

MISS MITFORD is one of the most attractive of the minor figures in English literature, and the volume of her correspondence with Charles Boner and Ruskin, edited by Miss Elizabeth Lee, and published this week by Mr. Fisher Unwin, will be welcomed by readers of a bookish turn. The letters to Boner have already been printed in the "Memoirs and Letters of Charles Boner," published in 1871, but those to Ruskin and his father are now made public for the first time. Miss Lee points out that Miss Mitford's reputation as a letter-writer has suffered from the awkward and scattered way in which the letters available have been published. The reader must look for them in the three volumes of "The Life of Mary Russell Mitford" by Harness and L'Estrange, two volumes called "The Friendships of Mary Russell Mitford," edited by L'Estrange, a further two volumes of "Letters of Mary Russell Mitford" edited by Chorley, and some scattered fragments in "The Literary Life of the Rev. W. Harness." It would be a useful piece of work to make a selection of the most characteristic of all these letters, and to present them in a single volume in chronological order.

THE letters to Ruskin in Miss Lee's volume are few in number, and hardly show Miss Mitford at her best. They were written in the last year of her life, when she had lost much of her lightness and sprightliness of mood, and they do not answer to her own description of some earlier letters as "just like so many bottles of ginger-beer, bouncing and frothy, and flying in everybody's face." She is delighted with Ruskin's praise of her novel, "Atherton," but confesses that, in her own opinion, her real vocation was to be a dramatist rather than a writer of prose. Her correspondence with Charles Boner is far more characteristic. She writes lightly and humorously of all that she sees and does, of the books she has read, and of her own compositions. But interesting as Miss Lee's volume is, I think that a selection of the best of Miss Mitford's letters would be mainly confined to the collections edited by L'Estrange and Chorley.

MANY of Miss Mitford's judgments on her contemporaries deserve to be quoted. They are always candid, even in the case of so close a friend as Mrs. Browning, whose "Casa Guidi Windows" she pronounced to be "a dull tirade on Italian politics" with one or two tolerable passages. She tells Boner that Macaulay's "History" is making the greatest sensation that has been made since the poems of Byron and the novels of Scott. Miss Mitford thought its author "certainly our greatest living writer, take him for prose or verse," though after reading the work through very carefully, she thought

it "strangely cold." "There is a want of sympathy, and, above all, of sympathy with misfortune, which one did not expect from the author of the 'Lays of Rome.'" On the other hand, she could not appreciate Carlyle. She was repelled by his obscurity and distrusted his sincerity. "I detest and abhor certain atrocities and abominations which I suppose he means for humor, and which abound especially in the two huge volumes about Cromwell. . . . The mutual jargon of the biographer and his subject is very curious. Never was such English seen. The Lord Protector comes nearer to speaking plain than his historian." Emerson, she thought, would have been a great writer and thinker, if Carlyle had not fallen in his way. "Now he appears a mere copyist of the Scotchman."

As regards poetry, Miss Mitford was enthusiastic in her praises of several French poets, among them Victor Hugo, Casimir Delavigne, and Béranger. She could "cast herself in admiration" at the feet of Béranger, Delavigne's ballads were "delicious," while Alfred de Musset's verses were only "pretty." She is rather critical of her friends, the Brownings. Tennyson's "In Memoriam" is "honey sweet and full of beauty," but Miss Mitford would rather have written "that vivid bit of the 'Lady of Shallot.'" In contrast with her coolness towards the poets who are now read, we find her writing: "I have got the whole of Gerald Griffin's poetry, and swear by him at present." Yet she was not blind to the work of the rising generation. She read Matthew Arnold's "Poems" of 1853—containing "Sohrab and Rustum" and "The Scholar-Gipsy"—and thought the work showed "considerable ability," while she regarded Clough as a poet "in the highest sense" though she deplored the fact that "many of his pieces are painfully sceptical."

It is amusing to compare some of Miss Mitford's literary verdicts with those of to-day. Roebuck, the Member of Parliament for Sheffield, who is pilloried by Matthew Arnold, was one of her great admirations. "There is no living man," she writes, forgetting for the moment what she had said of Macaulay, "who approaches him in English prose. I prefer him to Burke." Cardinal Wiseman was another of her preferences, and she told more than one of her correspondents that some of the passages in his "Appeal to the English People" and his "Lectures on the Hierarchy" are "as fine as anything in English prose." These judgments contrast oddly with her estimate of "Esmond":—

"Nobody likes 'Esmond.' The love-story is detestable, and, besides that, it is long and tedious. I demur, too, to the criticism; holding with Hazlitt, that Steele was worth a thousand Addison's, and Bolingbroke by far the finest prose writer of them all."

It is amusing, also, to come upon such a passage as this, written to Boner in 1848:—

"We have a very clever novel called 'Jane Eyre,' by a new writer. He calls himself Currer Bell, but one does not know whether that be his real name."

MISS MITFORD's "Our Village" is sometimes said to have suggested Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford," and it is a coincidence that this week has also given us a charming reprint of the latter volume. It is published by Messrs. Methuen, and in addition to illustrations by Mr. E. H. New, and some new notes by Mr. Payne, relating the imaginary Cranford to the real Knutsford in Cheshire, it contains an introduction from the prolific pen of Mr. E. V. Lucas. Mr. Lucas refuses to believe that Mrs. Gaskell was indebted either to Miss Mitford or to Jane Austen. "'Cranford' stands alone and independent. There was nothing quite in the manner before and there has been nothing since, although more than one book of the past few years could be named which probably would not be just as it is had not 'Cranford' come first." Mr. Lucas safeguards himself by his qualifying "quite," and it would be an interesting critical exercise to trace Mrs. Gaskell's influence in the books of the present generation. Many people will certainly agree with Mr. Lucas that her influence is particularly evident, though without conscious imitation, in the author of "Margaret Ogilvy."

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Reviews.

CHAMBERLAIN AND GERMANY.

"Mr. Chamberlain's Speeches." Edited by C. W. BOYD. With an Introduction by the Rt. Hon. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN. (Constable. 2 vols. 15s. net.)

THE two volumes of Mr. Chamberlain's speeches that have just been published have little interest as literature. Mr. Chamberlain spoke for the moment, and his businesslike style was adapted to the purposes of the moment. His merciless vigor in attack allowed itself little relaxation, and it would be difficult to find any collection of speeches in which the argument is so rarely relieved by a picturesque phrase or a picturesque idea. The reason is partly that Mr. Chamberlain had essentially the business mind, and that his rapid and powerful talent was concentrated in a comparatively small field of interests, partly that he was, before everything else, a masterful and combative nature. In polemical debate he was perhaps unrivalled, for he was quick and ruthless as a hawk, and he could make bitterness—in many speakers a dangerous quality—a most deliberate and terrible weapon. The writer of this article heard every one of his speeches on the Jameson Raid, and noted that the more difficult his personal situation the more absolute was his equanimity. The reader of his speeches in these volumes will realize as fully as those who heard him that he never spoke without the image of an opponent in his mind. In the beginning it was the old Whig; then the Home Ruler, then the Pro-Boer, lastly, the Free Trader; the cycle bringing him from the Lord Hartington of the early 'eighties to the Duke of Devonshire of the early years of this century. Now, the orator is essentially the man who can sometimes forget his opponents, who can lose himself in some large vision of history or destiny, some wide horizon of hope and courage for the human race, some brooding and solemn sense of the shadows that clothe the minds and lives of us all. All the speakers who live beyond the day have this in common. In our own time it is possible sometimes to read a speech by Lord Morley, Lord Rosebery, sometimes even by Mr. Balfour or Mr. Lloyd George, without thinking of men as Liberals or Conservatives, friends or enemies. But all Mr. Chamberlain's speeches owed their life and force to controversy, and to controversy alone. He was an enthusiast for the Empire, but in his most stirring rhetoric on that subject he could never escape from the red rag of Mr. Labouchere or the Cobden Club.

These volumes, then, have no interest as oratory or literature, but they are profoundly interesting as recalling certain aspects of Mr. Chamberlain's career. Mr. Chamberlain's early speeches are the efforts of a very courageous, independent, and powerful personality to break into the world of customary politics, and to impress upon it a new sense of realities, a new manner of controversy. He was not the first business man to enter politics, but he was the first business man in whom the atmosphere of his own experience and success in life overpowered the traditions and discipline of the world into which he passed. He threw himself on the accepted canons of behavior and utterance. He said what he thought of everybody and everything. He made up his mind rapidly, and he was never afraid of committing himself. He talked of ransom without any very definite idea of a social policy. He was a brilliant Empiricist, formed in no school or philosophy. He told the upper classes that they were mistaken in thinking that they had made a great success of the society they had governed with such condescension; he told the middle classes that they were mistaken in thinking that they had shown a remarkable consideration for the working classes. He had no great or wonderful theory for society, but he had this gift of intrepid and ruthless candor, and he had a supreme belief in himself, based on a just confidence in his own capacity for administration.

Where this would have led him if the crisis of 1886 had had a different result, nobody can say. He passed into a new sphere; but into that sphere he carried the same spirit; he was going to shake the old sleepy, inefficient governing England and make it a good business concern. In this world, too, he was guided by the same contempt for the reticences and cautions

of the conventional politician. He spoke out without waiting to consider all the consequences of speech. The most sacred of the traditions of politics were those relating to the Foreign Office; but Mr. Chamberlain saw no reason why he should not say what was in his mind when he chose, in spite of the fact that Lord Salisbury was Foreign Minister. He made it his boast that he had introduced open diplomacy, and that he had got rid of the antiquated conventions. Everybody remembers his "squeezed sponge" speech at a critical moment in the negotiations with President Kruger, and the homely and informal inquiries after Mr. Kruger's health. He discussed foreign affairs, in their most delicate phases, with the same irresponsible readiness as he showed in domestic controversy. Mr. Boyd has omitted one speech of great importance to those who want to appreciate Mr. Chamberlain's character. It is the speech at Leicester, in which he proposed an alliance with Germany in the autumn of 1899:—

"There is something more, which I think any far-seeing Englishman must have long desired, and that is that we should not remain permanently isolated on the Continent of Europe, and I think the moment that aspiration was formed it must have appeared evident to everybody that the natural alliance is between ourselves and the great German Empire. We have had our differences with Germany; we have had our quarrels and contentions; we have had our misunderstandings. I do not conceal that the people of this country have been irritated, and justly irritated, by circumstances which we are only too glad to forget, but at the root of things there has always been a force which has necessarily brought us together. What does unite nations? Interest and sentiment."

Everything in this speech is characteristic. Each proposition, it will be noted, is quite obvious and self-evident. Every far-seeing man knows that we must have an alliance. Nobody is so wanting in discernment as not to understand that that alliance must be with Germany. The speech could not have been more positive if an alliance had already been concluded with the enthusiastic assent of both peoples; and it could not have been more frank and outspoken if the question had concerned merely the extension of the public ownership of gas in Birmingham. If it had been made by anybody but Mr. Chamberlain—at that moment the most powerful force in England—it would have been the most momentous utterance of his generation. So with the Tariff Reform speeches. There is never any sign of the politician feeling his way, of the slow maturing of ideas, of the building up of a scheme or a policy. The kind of speech that other men might make when they had thought out their policy and were prepared to put it into shape, Mr. Chamberlain made when he was beginning to think about it. Such a temperament is apt to be betrayed into crude, superficial, and mischievous courses, and Mr. Chamberlain's combative nature did not make it easy for him to admit an error or revoke an assertion that had been proved unsound, though, as an administrator, he was ready to listen to advice from any quarter. But it has an important use in shaking the settled habits of politics, and if it is often a poor guide to the solution of a problem, it is a powerful influence in making society aware of its existence and its importance.

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THERE is in these volumes an instructive but, unfortunately, not very rare spiritual history. From it may be deduced the cause of much of the indifferent verse that is just expert enough to perplex the judgment whose intuition towards poetry is sincere, yet not quite sure; that may, in consequence, be said in some measure to darken the light of real achievement. One is loth to suggest that Edward Dowden did this, for rarely has so gentle a temper moved with so profound an enthusiasm for literature, especially for poetry; and yet the conclusion cannot be evaded. The poetic impulse, if it is to mature itself to great ends, has to call to its service at the beginning a discipline that shall be continuous and undivided. The great poet knows from his early

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youth that poetry is to be the first business of his life. He may engage in other activities, but there will never be even a momentary doubt as to their subordination to this one activity. Given a full term to the poet's life, "Paradise Lost" was a determined end before Milton sat at his Parliamentary desk. When Browning told his father that he wished to adopt poetry as a profession, there was no decision to be made; and Shelley, who by luck wrote poetry on an income, without the luck would possibly have starved, but would certainly have written his poetry until he did so. This resolution has governed the lives of all great poets. Occasionally, the impulse has been disregarded; its demand for long and loyal service denied; and yet, recurring powerfully at intervals, has produced some exquisite lyric phrase or stanza; the happy moment in the crowded life may be of an Elizabethan courtier or a Restoration gallant. The danger to poetry comes when the impulse is not imperative enough to compel the full loyalty, and yet too insistent to be finally dismissed; when it remains in the mind rather a desire not wholly subdued than a controlling passion. Time, then, may still bring the fortunate moments of clear song; but it will also bring many troublesome records of vision but half-realized, so shaped, perhaps, in skilful hands as to confuse many people into thinking that, in finding the result not very exciting, they are finding poetry dull.

Mrs. Dowden, in her prefatory note, says: "In the early seventies he felt the urge very strongly towards making verse his vocation in life, and he probably would have yielded to it, but for the necessity to be breadwinner for a much-loved household." He might well have turned to some other calling as a breadwinner, and yet have known poetry as the ruling purpose of his life; but it was not so. He became a student and professor of literature, eager for beauty always, and undulled by academic use, but with the study of literature as the chief, and not a secondary, activity of his mind. It was an honorable choice, finely justified by his work as a teacher and critic. His nature, too, prospered and expanded in the environment, for it cannot be said too often that a man cannot know great literature intimately and wisely without acquiring a liberal knowledge of great life. But while this zeal for the high expression that life has already attained may—invariably does—quicken a man's spirit, it will, if it is the chief and not a secondary concern with him, seriously cramp his own expression of life should he attempt this, as these volumes show very plainly. They consist for the most part of the highly skilled verse-making of a man who was first and last a sensitive and generous student of the best in the world's literature, whom the impulse to poetry tempted daily, but never mastered to unequivocal service. "He never," we read, "wholly abandoned verse, and all through his life, even to the very end, he would fitfully, from time to time, utter in it a part of himself which never found complete issue in prose, and which was his most real self." But poetry will not be served so; poetry claims a man's first duty or none. And so it is that on page after page of these books we find nothing that is unworthy of one who loved and lived in the company of great poets, scarcely anything that proves him in any full sense a poet himself. Sometimes there is an individual word, proving the vision, as—

"And silent o'er a tangle of drenched grass,
The blackbird glides."

Sometimes the surrender of the poetic impulse to the knowledge of literature and the consequent confusion of thought in creation are complete, as in—

"Why do I make no poems? Good, my friend,
Now is there silence through the summer woods,
In whose green depths of lawny solitudes,
The light is dreaming; voicings clear ascend,
Now from no hollow where glad rivulets wend,
But murmurings low of inarticulate moods,
Softer than stir of unfledged cushat broods,
Breathe, till o'er-drowsed the heavy flower-heads bend.
Now sleep the crystal and heart-charmed waves,
Round white, sunstricken rocks the noontide long,
Or mid the coolness of dim lighted caves,
Sway in a trance of vague deliciousness;
And I,—I am too deep in joy's excess,
For the imperfect impulse of a song"—

where there is a sensitive temper, an alert critic of other men's poetry, used to the best that has been done, and safe from any unmannerly lapse, but not a poet creating. And then there is the occasional moment, more common than elsewhere in "A Woman's Reliquary"—of which a limited edition has been printed by Miss Elizabeth Yeats, with the distinction that marks her Cuala Press books—when the impulse has its way and the stray hours of service that it has been given through many days would seem by some lucky chance to gather into one flash of personal achievement; and we get such things as "The Guest"—

"Rude is the dwelling, low the door,
No chamber this where men may feast,
I strew clean rushes on the floor,
Set wide my window to the East.

"I can but set my little room
In order, then gaze forth and wait;
I know not if the Guest will come,
Who holds aloft his starry state."

There are in the whole of Edward Dowden's work perhaps a dozen lyrics of this quality which are worth all the rest of his verse-making. They are, indeed, memorable poems that should find a permanent place in the anthologies, while the rest is but a confusion of poetry's significance.

PLAUTUS IN ENGLISH.

"Plautus." Five of his Plays. Translated into English verse by Sir ROBERT ALLISON. (Humphreys. 7s. 6d. net.)

It is pleasant to see the love of letters abiding through the whole length of a busy life. Sir Robert Allison has done good service in Parliament and elsewhere. Rugby and Cambridge not only taught him the value of public work, but laid the foundations of a knowledge and taste, of which, as his years draw towards four-score, he now gives us the fruit. Of the best six comedies of Plautus he has translated five, and we may regret that he has not found room for the vigor and fun of the "Trinummus." His vehicle is a blank verse of the easy and familiar type chosen by George Colman for his version of Terence. The task of to-day perhaps prefers the use of prose for such a work, but the writer of prose may sometimes find himself charmed into metre, or, if he carefully eschews it, must admit that no prose could excel Sir Robert Allison's presentation of a line in his original as

"The world knows nothing of its greatest men."

The language of the Latin comedians is not always found easy by those whose studies have lain among less conversational authors, but our translator does not often miss the sense of his original. He has overlooked a somewhat poor jest about a free man and a man named Freeman, and in one place a confusion between *meminit* and *memorat* makes him soften a charge of mendacity into the allegation of a defective memory; but such slips are rare in his work.

In the career of Plautus there is enough to convince a Baconian that he was not the author of any of the plays which pass under his name. It was agreed by Roman critics that some plays were ascribed to him which were no more from his pen than "Lochrine" was from Shakespeare's. An anonymous play, like an anonymous witticism, will always find a father, and Umbria to a Roman gossip was as Warwickshire to an Elizabethan. The Stratford of Plautus was the Umbrian village of Sarsina, which seems to have come under Roman dominion barely thirty years before his birth, and in his boyhood must still have been more familiar with Umbrian than with the kindred Latin speech. We do not know that it had a grammar school, and if it had we may be sure that the language of Menander did not murmur in its class-rooms. The playwright's father can hardly have been of higher station than the Stratford glover. Cynics will avow that there must have been an Anne Hathaway in the case. Whatever cause drove Plautus to Rome, it must have had as little connection with a literary career as had the ill-sorted match of our own poet. As tradition presents Shakespeare as a minder of horses, or, in the unhappy phrase

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of Halliwell-Phillips, as acting "in some equine capacity," so the later literary coteries of Rome spoke of Plautus as having turned a hand-wheel in a mill. On neither tradition can we well rely, but we know that Plautus soon found his way on to the stage. The player's calling was at that time no more creditable—and, apparently, at least no less profitable—than in the days of Elizabeth. Plautus made money at it, but he lacked the commercial faculty which laid the foundations of New Place. He speculated with his gettings—it may have been in argosies, or it may have been in sheep and cattle. Anyhow, sea-rats or land-rats had the sole profit of his enterprise. As a penniless adventurer, he turned to the furbishing of plays taken not, as Shakespeare's were, from predecessors whose tongue was his own, but from the Athenian dramatists of the fourth and third centuries. He had rivals in his calling, but no comedy has survived to let us know how far he excelled them. A survival would only have prolonged disputes concerning authorship as little profitable and as little capable of decision as the disputes concerning "Titus Andronicus." We have twenty plays, all unhesitatingly ascribed to Plautus, and even the Baconian mind, which must surely seek another author for them than the unlettered Umbrian, can hardly deny that they are the work of a single hand.

In these comedies we may trace some characteristics of the audience for whom they were composed. It was only on public holidays or such a festive occasion as a great man's funeral that the Comic Muse trod the boards. In the stalls sat noble lords and great capitalists, somewhat suspicious of anything Greek, and not sure whether, even in the relaxation of a holiday, their neighbors would approve of their laughing at a broad jest. In the pit stood a noisy and jostling crowd of all classes, ready, like Polonius, to refuse their attention unless they got a jig or the other thing which Hamlet joins with it. Plautus wrote for both parts of his audience. We may suppose that he looked for respectable folk to be in a majority when he gave them so sound a comedy as "The Captives"—oddly accounted by Lessing the best play that ever was staged—while among the plays which Sir Robert Allison has left alone are some in which only the groundlings could delight. In either case, the plot must, as far as possible, be made clear beforehand, and every convention employed that could simplify the following of the story. Any element of surprise must be in the phrase and not in the nexus of the plot. Nor could Plautus hope to convey his audience to Greece. He might borrow a tale from Anaxandrides, but his characters must be Italian, even as Shakespeare transported the courtiers of Greenwich to the palaces of Rousillon and Messina. Courtiers, it is true, were not much in Plautus's way. In "Amphitryo," a fine comedy, which perhaps of all his plays owed least to any predecessor, he draws in Alcmena the character of a Roman gentlewoman who may almost take her place with Imogen or Paulina, though his story makes him surround her with the essential elements of farce. Despite this and some other fine conceptions, Plautus is more at home with Poins and Bardolf. The breadth and boldness of his style come out in his pictures of the scheming slave and the braggart soldier, the rascally slave-dealer and the roguish adventurer. His audience was too noisy for a more subtle touch.

It was probably well for Plautus that he was an actor before he was a playwright. There is nothing of the closet in any of his effects. Those who have seen the "Trinummus" on the Westminster stage will not forget the scene in which the adventurer gets the better of the old man, and sweeps away in triumph. The incident is convincing on the boards, and it matters little that reflection may pick holes in it. With such incidents there goes a rollicking humor and an excellence of dialogue which will always keep Plautus sweet. It may indeed be doubted whether any of the imitations of his plays, with the possible exception of "The Comedy of Errors," is as good as the original. Dryden's "Amphitryon" certainly can make no such claim. Addison's "The Drummer" was a failure on its first performance, and on its revival was saved only by the acting of Quick in the part of Vellum. Molière's "L'Avare" is doubtless an excellent comedy, but in those parts of it which are taken from "The Pot of Gold," one of the plays translated by Sir Robert Allison, the original has no cause to shrink from a comparison.

THE FICTION OF THE GROTESQUE.

- "The Hole of the Pit." By ADRIAN ROSS. (Arnold. 6s.)
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WALTER BAGEHOT, a critic of letters, if ever there was one, has a famous essay on "Pure, Ornate, and Grotesque Art in English Poetry," at the end of which, summing up the features and conditions of modern poetry, he says:—

"Left to themselves, our young men take, not pure art, but showy art; not that which permanently relieves the eye and makes it happy whenever it looks, and as long as it looks, but *glaring* art, which catches and arrests the eye for a moment, but which in the end fatigues it. But before the wholesome remedy of nature—the fatigue arrives—the hasty reader has passed on to some new excitement, which in its turn stimulates for an instant, and then is passed by for ever. These conditions are not favorable to the due appreciation of pure art. . . . A dressy literature, an exaggerated literature, seem to be fated to us. These are our curses, as olden times had theirs."

If these remarks apply to poetry when Bagehot was alive, how much more do they apply to the novel of to-day, such large territories of which are delivered over, body and soul, to the clay god of the grotesque, which Bagehot defined as taking the type "in difficulties," as dealing "not with what Nature is striving to be, but with what, by some lapse, she has happened to become." Even the more ambitious and experienced fiction of this century can be gathered into this simple and valid generalization. Pure art, representative art, has, for the time being, lost itself in the distracted swirl of modern life.

"The Hole of the Pit" is not only an emphatic but a deliberate example of this appeal to the grotesque. It chooses for its environment the Stuart Civil War, and describes the accomplishment of an ancient curse upon the cavalier Lord of Deeping and his company of bedraggled mercenaries. Now, if you choose a subject which is at odds with the normal, you are still, if you are an artist, bound to verisimilitude. You must still select your material, cut away its inessentials, put it into symmetrical shape, and set it down in order, balance, and discrimination. But Mr. Ross's deliberateness is the death of him. He would have us believe that the plague of the Lord of Deeping is a "thing," which swims at will among the marshes surrounding his stronghold. Even one of those careless and happy-go-lucky mortals who is not saddled with the reviewing of novels would guess at once that the "thing" was a cuttle-fish. So, in the first place, all this studied supernaturalism has to walk the plank. But Mr. Ross is not in the least deterred. He whips up his "thing" to deeds of the most prodigal achievement. It not only disposes of the whole of my lord's band (forty all told), it actually pushes the wall of the castle open, walks into the dining-room, and puts a fitting end to a most desperate career. Mr. Ross, in short, will not let well alone.

Mr. Vachell tries, not our nerves but our patience. He is usually, if we except such indiscretions as "The Hill" and do not expect too much of him, a thoroughly competent, tempered, and agreeable writer. He is seldom extravagant, and he attempts but rarely to thread his camel of reality through the needle's eye. In fact, he tells us a decent, acceptable story with a fair measure of skill and vitality. Why, then, did he impose his Hazel Goodrich upon us? She is brought to Spragge's Canyon in California by the young Spragge, who symbolizes the virile earthliness of his native place. Spragge falls in love with Hazel, much to the consternation of Semantha, his cousin and predestined mate, and his mother, who are with him the self-sufficient deities of this holy ground. Mr. Vachell's intention throughout is to contrast the ethics and attitudes of the sophisticated town with those of the robust and virgin country. But with Hazel as the champion of the town, the conflict is so lopsided as to become almost fictitious. For Hazel is not only a dis-tempered and enervated little fool; she is not only an

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advocate of the crudest American gospel of material success, but she reads, marks, learns, and adopts the philosophy of Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox. No; the honest Spragge, if he had really drunk anything of the wisdom and simplicity of the soil, would have taken his measure of her long, long before she had openly betrayed the inadequacy of her character. And so we have to bear with Hazel until almost the end of the book, and question Mr. Vachell's credentials as to the common sense of Spragge; for it is just the Hazel element which distorts the veracity of the author's purpose, and introduces grotesqueness.

It is a nice point which are the most sentimental nations in the world—the English, the Germans, or the Americans. The English like physical sentiment—sentiment in action—the throbbing heart of a little child, the convulsive sob in the throat, the stretching forth of tremulous hands; the Germans like the sentiment of reverie, and to water their comfortable land with their tears; but the Americans seem able to quaff it in inexhaustible rivers, and yet to crave for more. In their worst moments, that is to say, they carry sentiment over the frontiers of the grotesque. We do not know whether Mr. Burnham is an American or not, but certainly "The Right Track" (a study of the marital relations between an elderly grain merchant, with a heart of gold, and his young wife, who takes 400 pages to develop like cardiac symptoms) displays the essential characteristics of this American peculiarity. There are no contrasts, no relief, no restraints. A few selfish persons struggle desperately in the toils and are overwhelmed.

"The Phantom Peer" is so grotesque, so entirely remote from mundane experience, that you might call it a fantasia. It is concerned with the adventures of a down-at-heels actor, who, to save himself from starvation and at the instigation of a millionaire anxious to further the social ambitions of his foolish daughter, impersonates a peer. Then away we go through the whole gamut—detectives, spanking yachts, bigamists, the real and most eccentric peer, thieves, prizefighters, and "Rational House," a refuge for "teetotallers, nutonians, vegetarians, fruitarians, anti-narcotians, passive resisters, celibates, Baconians, advocates of the new spelling, socialists, anarchists, spiritualists, and suffragists." A whirligig of the spooks of popular fiction! It is a sad lapse for the author of "Maud Em'ly."

Whenever Mr. Stephens prospects in the far countries of the grotesque, it is with the full significance and purpose of the artist. "The Crock of Gold" is one of the happiest examples of the grotesque art in our literature, in the sense not of material but of imaginative values. It is a book of gargoyles. And one of the reasons for its felicity is its spontaneity—the spontaneity of a Celtic Rabelais. A fertility of poetic resource flowed out of it like the lightning from the strong man of a famous advertisement. That is why "The Demi-Gods," for all its vagabondage and occasional glories, is a little disappointing. The three angels who come down to earth and join Patsy MacCann and his daughter in their gipsy wanderings are not the Leprecauns of old. They have become ingenious but no longer imaginative folk. They have begun to study their antics. They have ceased to caper at their own sweet will, and in obedience to a gesture of their creator's. The book is, in fact, chiefly radiant in interludes and snatches, and the best of those interludes is the ass

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"**Liberal Orthodoxy: A Historical Survey.**" By HENRY W. CLARK, D.D. (Chapman & Hall. 7s. 6d. net.)

By Liberal orthodoxy, Dr. Clark means "the effort to preserve the essentials of the Christian religion, as Protestantism understands them, while yielding all due deference to the claims of advancing mind." This, though a modern movement, has governing conditions that go a long way back, and Dr. Clark begins his historical survey with the state of affairs left by the Reformation. In succeeding

chapters he traces the progress of the movement through the Cambridge Platonists, the Deistic controversy of the eighteenth century, the influence of Schliermacher and the pietistic School in Germany, and the revival which was aided in Britain by Whately, Thirlwall, Arnold, and Erskine of Linlathen. This is followed by an account of the work of Dorner, Martensen, Pressensé, and other Continental theologians, with a return to the development in England of the Broad Church School by way of reaction against the views of Newman and the Tractarians. Dr. Clark then examines the "value-judgment" theory of Ritschl and shows his relation to modern German theologians, including Kaftan, Harnack, and Drews. Finally, he recounts the history of theological thought in this country from the Colenso controversy to the publication of "Lux Mundi." Dr. Clark's point of view is that the "drift" of Liberal orthodoxy has floated it slowly down until "it has passed the point where the supernatural Christ was suddenly found to have disappeared," so that it has failed to accomplish a definite theological reconstruction. But throughout his book he has successfully attempted to be a historian rather than a controversialist, and he has written a most valuable history of theological opinion.

* * *

"**Modern English Literature from Chaucer to the Present Day.**" By G. H. MAIR. (Williams & Norgate. 6s. net.)

This book is an expansion of a little volume which Mr. Mair contributed some time ago to the "Home University Library," the main difference being that while the earlier volume began with a short chapter on the Renaissance, the expanded book opens with an account of the English writers from Chaucer to Sir Thomas More. In its new form the book retains the characteristic of an essay rather than a history of English literature. Mr. Mair is more concerned to state his own appreciation of writers and tendencies than to record facts. The facts, however, are to be found in other handbooks, and Mr. Mair's volume will be welcomed by those readers who like to be told what to think about the works of our great writers. His judgments often provoke dissent, as when, in explanation of Byron's vogue, he says that "shallow sounded to shallow" between the poet and his readers. Byron's European prestige cannot be dismissed so lightly as this. But they are usually fresh and independent, and Mr. Mair sends one back to the authors he mentions, if only in order to satisfy oneself that some of his verdicts on them are mistaken.

* * *

"**Bolivia.**" By PAUL WALLE. Translated by BERNARD MIALL. (Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

M. WALLE's account of Bolivia and its resources was commissioned by the French Ministry of Commerce, and translated by Mr. Miall for Mr. Unwin's "South American Series." Like the other volumes in the series, it is largely concerned with the trade and industrial resources of the country. The chief of these latter are mines and rubber-forests. Hitherto, the lack of proper means of communication has been one of the main causes of the tardy development of Bolivia; but M. Walle's visit convinced him that the nation is now entering upon a period of intellectual and economic transition. The Bolivian Government have adopted a plan of railway construction, and foreign capital is being employed to develop the mines and other industries. This progress is helped by the political stability that has now been reached. Since 1900, Bolivian politics have shown a notable improvement, and now the country is fiscally independent of both Peru and Chile. M. Walle hopes great things for Bolivia from the opening of the Panama Canal, and he advises commercial organizations and manufacturers to make preparations for the economic advance which will be promoted by that event.

* * *

"**The Movement towards Catholic Reform in the Early Sixteenth Century.**" By GEORGE V. JOURDAN, B.D. (Murray. 7s. 6d. net.)

UNTIL within comparatively recent years there was insufficient material available for a detailed ecclesiastical history of the beginning of the sixteenth century. During the past generation, however, a number of scholars have been at work exploring the records of this period, and Mr.

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Jourdan's book is based on their researches. It gives a good if somewhat prolix account of some of the reformers before the Reformation, beginning with Colet's work at Oxford and St. Paul's, and closing with the failure of the new movement to conquer the resistance of the Papal, or, as Mr. Jourdan prefers to call them, Curialist, forces. Unfortunately, Mr. Jourdan's style is rather arid and unattractive, so that his book, while of value to students and historians, makes little appeal to the general reader.

"Life in an Indian Outpost." By Major GORDON CASSERLY. (Laurie. 12s. 6d. net.)

MAJOR CASSERLY'S Indian outpost was the fort of Buxar Duar, on the frontier of Bhutan, where he and two other European officers with a double company of Rajputs were in garrison for two years. Except in the wet weather, the life was not dull. Shooting of big and little game, visits to adjoining places, and such occasional excitements as encounters with rogue elephants or king-cobras vary the monotony of parades and other military duties. Major Casserly had also an opportunity of witnessing the annual visit of the Bhutan tribesmen who came to receive the subsidy paid them by the Governor of India. Bhutan is practically an unknown district, and at Buxar Duar, Major Casserly and his colleagues found themselves in one of the farthest outposts of Empire. The author seems to have enjoyed his stay there, and he writes about it in a simple, unpretentious style.

"Caravan Days." By BERTRAM SMITH. (Nisbet. 5s. net.)

WITH a caravaning experience of sixteen years on which to draw, Mr. Bertram can write with authority on the life of the road. In this pleasant book he tells his readers of the joys and occasional discomforts of caravaning, how to surmount its difficulties, and the preparations which it requires. The troubles of cooking, the annoyance of rain, the advantages of various types of clothes and shoes are all discussed. A number of incidents and predicaments which Mr. Smith himself encountered are related, and if there is an embryo of desire to be a caravanserai in the reader's mind, it will be encouraged to growth by this book. Even those who prefer to do their caravaning by deputy will find plenty of entertainment in its pages.

The Week in the City.

THE City has had a very dull week, and there is much anxiety on the Stock Exchange as to the new settlement, coupled with a great deal of criticism of the Stock Exchange Committee's Emergency Rules. Some argue that they will give less relief than Mr. Lloyd George intended to give under the Treasury scheme of October 31st. It is complained, among other things, that the Rules have been framed specially in the interests of the money-brokers, and that ordinary brokers will be very hard hit. There has been very little business, and it seems more and more unlikely that the Stock Exchange can be opened till after the war. Meanwhile, money is still cheap, and there has been a good demand for the £5,000,000 India Sterling Bills, especially for those with a currency of one year. Nevertheless, it is felt

that in a few days the Chancellor of the Exchequer will abandon the Treasury bills, and issue a big loan to finance the war.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE SCHEME.

The Stock Exchange was long enough in formulating a scheme which would obviate any necessity for much forced selling before the settlement could be carried through, and now the terms are out they have been greeted with a storm of opposition. Apparently, the Committee deliberated so much that they overlooked the fact that their rulings are only binding on their own membership, whereas a number of Stock Exchange bulls are non-members. The Committee required bulls to put up 5 or 10 per cent. additional margin, and this was the chief point of contention. The Committee has had to give way by making the provision that, in their discretion, a higher rate of interest may be charged in lieu of putting up the required margin. This has met the objection to some extent, but the real root of the trouble is the fact that in all schemes of assistance a line has to be drawn somewhere, and those who just miss the benefits feel aggrieved.

TURKISH LOANS.

Nobody can say, now that Turkey has "committed suicide," what the loans are worth. Constantinople had been very nearly drained dry by the armament firms before the war, and now the whole Turkish Debt—about 150 millions sterling, most of which is held in France, but a considerable part also in Germany—will cease to pay interest. Fortunately for the bondholders in Messrs. Armstrong & Vickers's Imperial Ottoman Naval Constructions Company, issued last July, only a small part of the money has been forwarded to Constantinople, and it is to be hoped that our Naval Mission was unable to do much for the reorganization and improvement of the Turkish Navy.

THE BUENOS AYRES AND PACIFIC.

The Pacific has now issued its report, and it is a better document than some expected; for it shows the Preference and Guaranteed dividends to have been earned in full, and a very fair sum added to the carry-forward, so that if more normal conditions obtain during the current year, the ordinary stock may return to the dividend list. Unfortunately, the wet weather in the Argentine has had a very bad effect on the traffics of the Argentine lines up to date. Buenos Ayres and Pacific stock is now about 43, having improved slightly when the report came out. Even if future dividends average only 2½ per cent. per annum, the return to the buyer would be 6 per cent., and this dividend only requires an addition of £200,000 per annum to the net income earned last year—the worst in the company's history. Those who look for a resumption of prosperity in Argentina may fancy Buenos Ayres Pacific as a lock-up, unless they prefer to wait for the War Loan.

THE WAR LOAN.

It is said that a War Loan of £200,000,000 will shortly be offered to the public on terms to yield 4 per cent., and it is believed that the huge deposits of the banks indicate large sums of capital awaiting investment. It is to be hoped that the Government has not overlooked the question of future Income-tax; for if the tax is to be 2s. 6d. in the £, the yield, in reality, will be only 3½ per cent. But exemption will not work. However, when the loan comes out there must be no uncertainty about it; it must be so good as to be a success from the start.

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